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25 Cents

# Labor Age

The National Monthly

## WE WIN!

1. Strike! Lockout! Victory!---In Chicago
2. New York Teamsters Also Do It
3. Pullman Porters Gain

## Who's Your Organizer?

Real Silk--Real Sick

## Do Sex Quarrels Help?

The Big Fight

Killing Yellow Doggery

In A Southern Mill Town

\$2.50 per Year

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The National Monthly

25 Cents per Copy

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Presenting all the facts about American labor—Believing that the goal of the American labor movement lies in industry for service, with workers' control.

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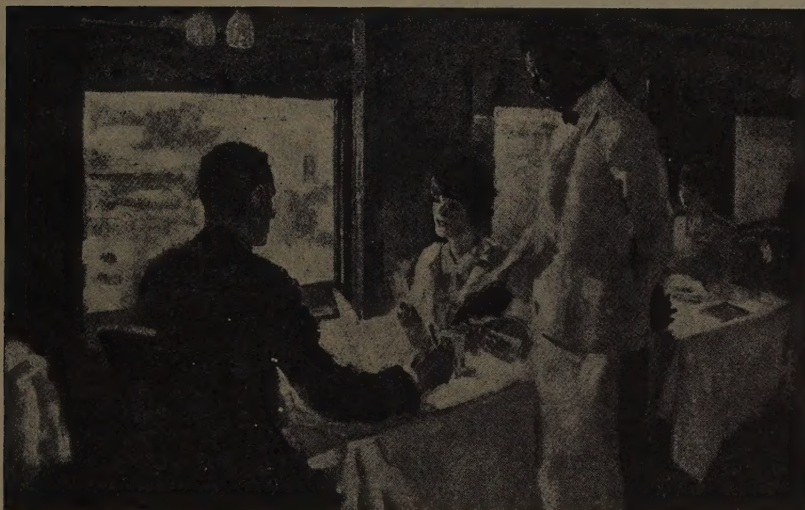


# Labor Age

The National Monthly

## We Win!

*On Three Sectors*



**I**S this not delicious? The above reproduction, we mean. Atterbury's Pennsylvania—the Alpha and Omega of tyranny—actually paying for this praise of its working forces! To add to the hilarity of the occasion, it is printed in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, organ of Reaction and Scabbery.

We allude to it to point a moral and adorn a tale. Deceit and hypocrisy are the stock in trade of Employerdom today. With a lash over their workers, anti-union employers present a smiling countenance to the world. The Book of Books had spotted those fellows long ago, when it said: "There is one that humbleth himself wickedly, and his interior is full of deceit." Of such it is also written, "He shall be destroyed like a dunghill, and they that have seen him shall say: Where is he?"

The hour for dunghill destroying is at hand. We have seen something of this work in Chicago during the past month. We have seen the workers of that city administer two decided beatings to anti-union Employerdom. In New York, at the same time, we have seen similar events take place. The accounts of these cheering occurrences are given here. We wish to show that American workers can

still strike—and strike successfully. We wish to show that organization is in the American air. We wish to show that a little alertness on our part, plus a little intelligence in tight places, will produce results. These successful fights in our leading cities are the evidence that proves the case.

Then, there is the step-by-step gains of the Pullman porters, against the greatest of odds. Those boys are marching on, in spite of one of the most unscrupulous of corporations. Their 70 per cent organization—as a protest against company unionism, intimidation and labor spy agencies—is a modern miracle. It indicates again: that effective organization work can be done, with militant purpose and intelligent, patient application.

We have tried to show in some recent issues why some strikes have failed. We are here showing organization strikes that have succeeded. We wish further, in subsequent issues, to examine into a bit wider field, and from all these experiences to indicate how organization work can be made water-tight in effectiveness. Out of such investigations and conclusions, we should be able to get down to dunghill cleaning-up with a vengeance.



# Strike! Lockout! Victory!

*What Happened in Chicago?*

By CARL HAESSLER

**T**WICE this summer Chicago workers, solidly organized in unions, have declared war on a section of their employers, have suffered a lockout from the rest of their bosses and have carried the fight to triumphant victory. They were not afraid of disturbing industrial peace in pursuit of their legitimate demands and they were not frightened when the enemy showed his teeth. In one case labor historians registered the first strike of its kind in history.

These two scrapping unions are the gasoline filling station attendants, with the allied tank wagon drivers, and the movie operators. The gas strike and lockout began July 8 and was won by the union in less than twenty-four hours after creating the wildest excitement in the Chicago motor world. It brought a sizable wage boost to the 2,500 unionists involved.

The movie strike and lockout sputtered a while, seemed settled and then broke out in greater virulence August 29, the owners surrendering in time to garner the rich box-office takings of the Labor Day week-end. The union had demanded nothing but observance of the contract, which the exhibitors were seeking to evade.

## A Day To Be Remembered

Saturday, July 9, will long be remembered by the police department and the owners of automobiles. The chief had canceled all vacations in the department. Riot squads in flivvers, with machine guns mounted next to the driver, began cruising through the streets. Motorists dashed up to filling stations at the last minute to take on all the gas their tanks would hold and a couple of gallons in their red-painted emergency containers as well. The stations of four counties in the Chicago area were pumped dry of their stock.

And not a drop more was to be had.

When a station was emptied the pumps were padlocked and police saw to it that there was no tampering with them. No deliveries by strike-breaking chauffeurs were attempted. Gasoline is too dangerous a plaything for scabs to handle. That's why the coppers did not ride on the driver's seat to replenish the station tanks. That perhaps is why the strike and lockout ended so quickly.

The trouble began when the union, which is affiliated with the International Brotherhood of Teamsters and Chauffeurs, got tired of endless negotiations with the Sinclair Refining Company for a wage raise and called a strike July 8 to show that it meant business. The demands were a \$10 monthly raise for the station men, then getting \$140 a month, and \$15 for the drivers, then getting \$175. Vacations with pay were also asked for.

They walked out in the morning, and in the afternoon the Standard Oil Company and the other gas concerns had locked out their employees in order to help Sinclair. The tall talk in the papers about the Standard versus the independents always disappears when there is labor trouble. There are no independents then. All the bosses

stick together against the workers. So in this case the corporations, trust and so-called independents, made common cause against men whose wages are relatively low and whose work is dangerous both from the point of view of the material they are handling and from the special liability in Chicago to holdups, with accompanying violence.

## The Best Time Chosen

But just as the employers stuck together, so did the men. Their union is full of the fighting tradition of the teamsters' brotherhood and they were promised support if needed. They did not want the first filling station strike to fizzle. They had chosen the best possible time for the test of strength—a summer week-end when everybody wants to hop into a machine and get out of town.

The result was a clean-cut victory. They did not get all they had asked for in their preliminary demands, as these had been set high enough to permit bargaining if the companies cared to settle. The final terms were incorporated in a two-year agreement and all was normal again in the retail gas industry.

Station attendants now get \$145 a month, a \$5 raise. Drivers get \$182.50, a \$7.50 raise. Hopes of vacations with pay were postponed to the next conference two years from now.

More important than the welcome additional pay is the confidence of the local in its fighting power. Its first strike, complicated by a lockout inflicted by the enormously powerful oil corporations, had turned out a gratifying success with almost lightning speed. The comparatively new local has not disgraced itself in the eyes of its scrapping seniors in the brotherhood. It had bucked the anti-union giants of a basic industry and had won.

## No Movie Strikebreakers

Neither was any strike-breaking tried in August by the Chicago Exhibitors' Association, which controls most of the movie theaters in the same four counties that had been gripped by the gas warfare of July. The movie operators, organized in the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees and Moving Picture Machine Operators, are known as an aggressive outfit, ready to fight with any weapons their foe might choose to employ.

The owners did not care to take a chance of queering their show houses for years in case one of their careless gunmen aimed at a union picket and killed a customer instead. Nor did they want a long procession of patrons demanding their money back when inefficient scab operators got films into the projection machine upside down, tore them by clumsy handling and generally made a mess of things in the little cage at the back of the theater.

So they simply hung out signs telling the public that on account of difficulty with the union there would be no performance today. For a week the signs hung there.



The papers were full of operator propaganda with an occasional reply permitted to the union officials. Stories of fabulous wages paid to the men appeared on the front page of the dailies, only to be denied on an inside page a day or two later by the union.

The funny thing about this propaganda was that wages had nothing to do with the case. It was a dispute on a very narrow issue on which the union took a straightforward stand, while the owners tried to conceal their real purpose, which was to break the union.

Both parties had signed an agreement, to expire next January, under which the wages and hours were carefully specified, and in addition it was clearly set forth how many operators were to be employed in each class of theater. The Belmont Theater, an Orpheum Circuit link in an uptown district, was to employ four operators, and did so until the middle of August, when it announced that two men would be enough for its purposes, notwithstanding the contract. It pretended that by adding a few short vaudeville acts it had changed its classification. In reality the exhibitors' association had been informed by its manager, formerly a union official, that internal difficulties in the union, as shown at a recent election, had made the time opportune for a slaughter of the organized employees.

#### The Lockout Comes

The union laughed at whispers of discord and called a strike on all Orpheum theaters August 23. This seemed to result in a quick victory until it was discovered at the end of the week that although four operators had again been employed, only two of them received the customary pay checks. Six days after the strike came the lockout, throwing out 553 operators and closing down most of the theaters in the metropolitan area.

A few of the theaters refused to join in the lockout as they enjoyed the friendly peaceful relations with the union and had no desire to mix in a fight based by the owners on smashing a contract. To prevent these theaters from reaping the harvest of overflow houses, the associated owners used pressure on the film exchanges, intimidating them into refusing to release films that had

already been contracted and paid for by the open theaters. Thus the owners, to carry through the smashing of their own contract with the union, forced the breaking of further contracts by other business units in the industry.

Just as the union and the open theaters were uniting to compel observance of contracts the exhibitors' association decided it had enough. The approach of Labor Day, with its higher prices and enormous attendance, made it raise the white flag. It surrendered on the original issue and from now to the expiration of the contract, January 10, four men will work and get their pay at the Belmont Theater.

The union confined itself to keeping clear the matter in dispute, namely the contract. The owners weakened their case by offering to pay a lump sum equal to the wages of the two operators during the life of the contract if the union would release them from the obligation of having four men at the Belmont. The union refused because it will not be a party to speeding up and because it saw no particular reason for accommodating the owners after they had tried the lockout and other means to smash the union.

#### Fight Was Worth It

The fight was well worth while and it ended long before the union's resources were seriously tapped. Talk of a national strike against the entire Orpheum circuit was heard in union headquarters and international officials of the union were in constant touch with Local 110. The legal battle against the secondary contract breach hardly got under way. And no direct struggle against strikebreakers had been necessary. Auxiliary strength came from the stage employees' local which struck in sympathy and managed to get a 7½% raise out of the scrimmage.

These two Chicago unions, the filling station men and the operators, demonstrated in sturdy aggressive fashion that there is lots to be won by well planned solidly organized fighting against the employer, whether to win a wage boost or to keep a contract intact. As industrial militants they are all there.

## The Truckmen Show How

By ESTHER LOWELL

**W**HEN truckmen walk out, there's a quick tangle of freight on the wharves and in the terminals of a great city like New York. With 7,000 members of Locals 807 and 282, International Brotherhood of Teamsters and Chauffeurs, striking, railroads had to declare an embargo on freight.irate buyers and sellers in the metropolis had to wire those with whom they dealt not to send ordered goods through or that orders could not be sent out.

Within three days the truckmen won \$5 a week more pay, making their scale \$45. A group in the union wanted to continue the fight to gain an eight instead of nine-hour day, and \$1.20 instead of \$1 per hour overtime. But those who brought the settlement proposal urged its acceptance rather than a drawn-out battle

against professional strike-breakers recruited by the notorious scab-herder, James Waddell.

Whatever went on behind the scenes of strike settlement negotiations, the truckmen's walkout proved again the strategic importance of transport workers. In our highly industrialized city life merchants must get their goods quickly, manufacturers their raw materials without delay, and all of us our daily bread and whatnot. Everything must be carried hither and yon, and in a hurry, or the routes and depots become congested into fearful tangles. A stoppage at any point becomes acute immediately.

#### Strikebreakers

The two big employing groups, the United States Trucking Corporation and the Merchant Truckmen's



Bureau of 600 employers, were all set to send out strike-breakers with heavy police guard, so they said. Many independent truckers, who had never before signed with the union, accepted the organization of their workers, however, and began to get the business. Truckmen from these independents struck and joined the union in surprising numbers, says Joseph McCrann, business agent of Local 807.

On the second day of the strike there were a good many trucks speeding up and down Wall Street, along the North River docks, bearing the signs SETTLED WITH LOCAL 807, or 282. Watchful groups of union men waited on street corners in the wholesale districts and near truckers' stables and warehouses. The few scab-driven trucks which ventured out with police guards traveled with difficulty. Heavy rolls of newsprint paper rolled in the streets when strikers cut the ropes of scab-driven trucks trying to supply the great presses which give us our daily dope.

Several hands went into the settling of the strike. Joseph P. Ryan, president, International Longshoremen's Association, helped. Michael Cashel, vice-president of the Teamsters' International Union, and Business Agents McCrann of Local 807 and Edward McCaffrey of Local 282 were in it. William J. McCormack, vice-president of the United States Trucking Corporation, helped on the employers' side.

It might be said "our gang" did it. "Mike and Joe and Ed and Bill and I are all personal friends," says Ryan. "Bill McCormack is a director with me in the Federation Bank and Trust Company. And I know most of the truckmen by name: we all grew up together."

#### Longshoremen Aid

Besides his personal friendship for the men involved in the strike, Ryan found other reasons for intervening for settlement. He said he went into the situation "because we had our own negotiations for a new wage agreement pending,\* because there is a close relationship between longshoremen and the truckers" and because as president of the Transportation Trades Council of New York as well as of the city's Central Trades and Labor Council it was appropriate for him to act.

\*Longshoremen have since demanded 10 cents an hour raise, making the scale 90 cents, for a 44-hour week; and \$1.35 instead of \$1.20 per hour for overtime.

The Transportation Trades Council has all New York transport union groups affiliated with the American Federation of Labor represented. As in the more numerous building trades councils throughout the country, the New York Transportation Trades Council was organized to act in aid of any of its members. In 1919, says Ryan, the council helped organize truckmen of Reardon and other big employers who were not dealing with the teamsters' union. Then in 1920, when the longshoremen had a coastwise strike, union teamsters and organized railroad lightermen refused to move goods handled by scab dock workers.

Union cargo checkers and longshoremen were actively assisting the truckmen in their present strike. They would not take loads from trucks driven by scabs. Pier superintendents sometimes checked the goods, but the longshoremen would not handle them. There was again a fine demonstration of workers' solidarity, of effective labor tactics. A vital industry was tied up quickly and comparatively completely. Merchants were pinched for ordered goods and factories lacked raw materials. A howl went up.

#### Jim Waddell Fails

United States Trucking Corporation announced its intention to give battle, with Jim Waddell in command of professional strike-breaking forces. Cots were being set up in the Erie warehouse and the police were prepared to ride with the roughneck scabs. Some of the Merchant Truckmen's Bureau members were trying to operate "with strike-breakers and police protection," Secretary Thomas Barry stated to me.

"But strike-breakers never do the work," observes Ryan. "They only nurse the job along and provoke trouble all around." He and the other negotiators got around the table at Cavanaugh's restaurant on Twenty-third Street and at 1 a. m. of the strike's fourth day announced a verbal agreement, which was later put into writing and ratified.

Within a few days another teamsters' local, 202, had 2100 drivers of produce trucks strike for \$7 a week more than the old \$40 scale. Negotiations had been going on since May. Immediately half a million dollars a day worth of perishable food products—fruits and vegetables chiefly—was held up. At this writing the strike is still on.

## The Gotham Teamsters Win

*Rough and Ready Walkout Brings Success*

By PATRICK QUINLAN

ON Tuesday night, September 6, the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Stablemen and Helpers, Locals 282 and 807, met at the Beethoven Hall, Manhattan, in response to a special call sent out from the headquarters by the New York executive board to discuss the scale of wages to be paid to certain chauffeurs and drivers who operate double teams and five-ton trucks for the coming year.

After one of the liveliest, longest and biggest meetings in the history of that famous old rendezvous for unions a strike was voted for at two in the morning.

One accustomed to meetings of the garment and clothing workers and to the meetings of railroad unions and building trades, where a certain amount of homogeneity obtains owing to usage and tradition, the character of the industries or trades, could not fail to be



impressed by the appearance of the men that made up the teamsters' and chauffeurs' meeting, as well as by what one observed and heard in the talk and discussion.

There were color, physique, hardness, diversity and with all, a devil-may-care free and easy way about them that one sees in Western States union meetings. The meeting as a whole had a rough and ready efficiency full of pep and go that the high hatters of other unions would do well to emulate. Although the teamsters are not classified as being among the "aristocrats of labor" there was a large and impressive line-up of cars of various brands and makes outside the hall on Fourth Street and on the Bowery. There were men in overalls and jumpers of the check, and the black and white kind only used by teamsters and freight handlers. While the smock and the overall were plentiful there was also a fair number dolled up as if for a party.

#### No Race or Color Line

The union evidently has no race nor color lines for I saw men of many races and creeds there, including several negroes or colored men. Such is the pen picture of the men and the meeting.

Like a bolt from the blue the strike broke on the heads of the business interests of Greater New York on Wednesday morning, September 7. Not a man reported for work at the stables and garages of the United States Trucking Company, the Truckmen's Bureau and one or two others, all told doing 75% of the trucking business of the Port of New York, which includes Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, Manhattan and Staten Island. The great Bush Terminal of Brooklyn was blocked with incoming and outgoing freight; the U. S. Trucking Company dominated by Al Smith, the alleged friend of labor and the poor, Governor of New York and aspirant for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket, was tied as tight as a drum. The trucks that deliver the huge newsprint rolls to the great dailies were kept in doors and the few that rashly ventured out with paper rolls for the NEW YORK TRIBUNE got badly mauled in defiance of a large and elaborate police convoy. The great green motor vans that deliver cash and paper to Wall Street and the down town banks rested in the garages while solemn dignified bankers and business men scowled and grumbled.

#### Bosses Sleep

What happened is that the boss truckmen and companies were caught in their own chloroform or sleep. They failed to do anything when the new scale was placed before them by the union's representatives three weeks before. They put it off and put it off and thinking procrastination would somehow ease them out and avoid the direct question, "Shall wages be raised \$5 per week?" And the second one, "Shall the work day be 8 hours?" did not enter their sleepy craniums at all.

On Wednesday afternoon there were panicky calls on the union phone at the strike headquarters, 73 Varick Street, for information and for more particulars. The Bush Terminal of Brooklyn settled directly with the men who got their course approved by the union as did twenty independent truckmen. The Bush Terminal managers to save their respectable faces from a calling down by the Chamber of Commerce and Rotary Club lords of big business, told the reporters and others who made

enquiries that "we settled privately on the basis of an old agreement."

On Thursday morning Nelson & Co., an old down town firm, gave way, but Al Smith's firm and the Truckmen's Bureau still shouted fight and used all kinds of threatening words. More police protection was demanded and the public was told that trucks would be brought in from New Jersey and from up the state and by the eternal they were going to run their own business. They did make a counter proposition offering a half-day on Saturday with the old scale of wages renewed. But the men told the officers "there was nothing doing" and the officers with Vice-President M. J. Cashal as the spokesman said they had no power to negotiate anything but the proposed scale of \$45 per week and the 8 hours a day.

#### Telling the Tale

The strikers hired autos and trucks and with huge signs tacked on them "telling the world" that THE UNITED STATES TRUCKING COMPANY IS ON STRIKE, drove through the down town streets and through West and South streets where the docks are located.

Violence was reported here and there and the strikers in one or two cases convinced interested parties that they meant business by their direct action methods and conduct.

Al Smith's friends began to claim that they were being made the goat of by the strike. But since the Truckmen's Bureau was also on the firing line and talking loudly and bravely, their wail was not taken seriously anywhere.

Friday evening saw politics and diplomacy working feverishly to save the face of the boss truckmen. Joseph P. Ryan, president of the Longshoremen's union and president of the Central Trades and Labor Council of Greater New York, an old friend of Tammany Leader Culkin, and through him of Al Smith, got a bunch of strikers together and with one MacCormack of the U. S. Trucking Co., they hammered out an agreement conceding the wage demand on one hand and withdrawing the 8-hour day on the other. The Truckmen's Bureau got wind of it and jumped on the bandwagon and settled on the same terms a little later the same night.

Next morning most if not all of the strikers went to their stables and garages and took their trucks out.

#### The Settlement a Victory

The rank and file were not pleased with the performance of the officers, who came in for some severe criticism. Still it is hard to see what they could do under the circumstances. It was largely a rank and file affair from the beginning, with all the enthusiasm and directness of men who knew what they wanted and how to get it. They are, it is true, a bit angry and some of them tried to organize the men independently of the union and have the strike reopened and the battle fought all over again.

The success of the strike is in part due to the character of the work and the business. Some things cannot wait and a way must be found to meet the situation. There was only one way and that is to surrender to the strikers which was done by the companies with their faces saved for them by Joseph Ryan.



# For the Freedom of the Pullman Porter

*Battle for Unionism Reaches a Further Stage*

By ROY LANCASTER

**W**E pullman porters are determined to gain our freedom. We plan to do that through organization. We have made great headway in that direction; we have gone further, and have impressed the governmental agencies with the fact that we exist and are the voice of the men who work as porters on sleeping cars.

We have had to battle against the perfidy and intimidation of one of the most unscrupulous of corporations. That has not deterred us. We are gaining ground inch by inch. Before it is over, we intend to win a full-fledged victory for our Negro fellow workers.

On this July 11th the representative of our Brotherhood was advised by Mr. Morrow, member of the United States Mediation Board, to come to Chicago to proceed with mediation of the dispute between the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and the Pullman Company for thirty (30) days. Continued attempts were made by Mr. Morrow until August 9th when Mr. Morrow advised both parties that his attempts at mediation were unsuccessful and advised both parties to submit the dispute to arbitration.

Mr. Morrow recognized the fact that there was a dispute and he also recognized the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters as the legal representative, hence his recommendation. The Pullman Company knows also that the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is the legal representative but it is playing for time hoping that the men will become discouraged, and, in the meantime, they will be able to break their spirit. But the reaction has all been in the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters' favor.

The fact that immediately upon the heels of refusing to arbitrate with the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, they signed an agreement to arbitrate with the conductors, has caused a large number of hold-outs to join the organization and has also caused a large number, who were in arrears with their dues, to pay up. Some of the oldest men in the service have voluntarily sent in their signed applications stating that they realize what the future holds in store, not only for those who had joined but for all porters, should the effort to organize fail.

One old porter writes: "The Company has very little respect for us and if we fail now one porter is as responsible as another. Not only the Company but the entire world will look upon us as children, mendicants, spineless individuals. I am ashamed but I want to make good by paying from the beginning of the movement including all assessments."

Another twenty-one year man writes from the Far West that: "I have been a stool pigeon against myself and my brother porters; now I begin being one for

them. My knowledge of the inside works fits me to be of much service and by the help of God I shall make amends for my ill-advised, ignorant, maliciousness against my brother porters."

## *The Company's Putrid Record*

The Pullman Company, although a party to the enactment of the Watson-Parker Bill which set up the new Railway Labor Law, is the first and only one so far to ignore it.

They do so flagrantly when they refuse to arbitrate. They claim a signed contract with the porters (through their company union) but they do not admit that they broke that alleged contract within twenty-four hours after it was made by refusing to do things they agreed to do. There were minutes of those sessions, that upon unanimous vote they agreed to give all delegates; only the management delegates received them. They agreed in those minutes to take up immediately the question of Terminal Time and pay for it. This has not been done.

They used persuasion, coercion and threats through their Negro officials to brow-beat the delegates. On every hand the delegates were told if they persisted in demanding certain things they would find themselves out of jobs. This threat was carried out on men who were unfortunately working under unscrupulous superintendents one year after.

When efforts were made by the spokesman of the employees to call another conference to revise that agreement and call the Company to account for ignoring certain things in the agreement, the spokesman was discharged. The porters throughout the country raised up as a man to protest and when ignored, this union, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, was the result.

They first ignored the effort, then they began doing some of the things they agreed to in the alleged contract. They paid the men who had records for the doubling they had done. Some were paid as much as one hundred fifty dollars. This would never have been done other than for the fact that the union started agitation on it. But, think of the men who left the service during those fifteen months that probably never received this pay.

When the Pullman Company saw after a year that we meant business, they, not the company union, called an election of delegates for another conference after announcing an eight per cent raise, approximately thirteen cents per day.

Eight men were selected, I say selected advisedly, for men well-known as favoring the union in four of the largest districts with between five hundred and one thousand votes in each district failed election; while men in agencies with ten or fifteen porters, hardly known outside of their agencies were elected.



## EDITORIAL OF THE MONTH

## Greed May Kill Them Yet!

OUR public utility companies have been browsing around of late in delicious pastures. The poor old befuddled "public" has become weary of chasing them. They have been left to their own sweet misdeeds.

Emboldened, they seek to grab more of these good things, profits. They have found a good-natured fairy godmother in the United States Supreme Court. In the Indianapolis water case valuation, that body of doting old men gave the utility all it asked, and more. Others want to get in nearer to the big pie-counter. The result as told us by a Scripps-Howard paper:

## KILLING THE GOOSE

A nationwide attempt by big utility companies is on to use the federal courts to change the whole basis of rate fixing. They would substitute the "cost of reproduction" doctrine in place of the old "historical cost" method of determining the rate base. Not the actual investment, but the current value of a utility corporation's properties would then be the rate fixing basis.

If this is done, Commissioner Meyer of the Interstate Commerce Commission estimates "upwards of \$30,000,000,000" will be added to the public burden in rates.

A warning is timely. Rate regulation will not stand up under such an abuse. Regulatory bodies must throw up their hands. The alternatives then will be chaos or public ownership. And the people will never return to the all-the-traffic-will-bear days.

"Such a method of regulating rates," says the Department of Public Utilities of Massachusetts report on this "reproduction doctrine will inevitably lead to conflicts between the public and the companies to the disadvantage of both."

"It requires no seer to forecast," said Railroad Commissioner William J. Carr of California recently, "that if rates under the system of regulation go up so as to yield a return on elements and a basis of value now being urged by certain utilities, public ownership will be given an impetus which perhaps nothing else would give it."

Regulation has been kind to the utilities. Do they wish their greed now to kill the goose that has laid the golden egg? The 30 billions will be costly to the consumers. It may be more costly to the utility companies.

One man in Omaha realized that he could be elected only by deceiving the Company. He immediately began knocking the union to his superintendent; he was elected.

## Sign on Dotted Line

When the time came for them to sign on the dotted line, he together with another porter refused to sign. Both of these men, although with long, splendid service records, were marked men. They were told so and very shortly after were discharged.

The Pullman Company refuses to meet the Brotherhood officials on the ground that they are "outsiders". We were not "outsiders" when we attempted to get them to live up to the agreement. But, we were discharged and others were threatened.

There are today a number of men out of the service, discharged for activities. They are calling porters in every day now warning them of reprisals if they refuse to vote for the company union next month. Orders have been issued for their discharge.

The President of the Conductors' Union is an "outsider", yet, Mr Hungerford signed an agreement with

him on the seventeenth of August to arbitrate the differences between the Company and the conductors.

## 70 Per Cent Organized

We have today more than seventy per cent of the porters organized. We have local organizing committees or representatives in every district in the country. These organizing committees are made up of porters in regular operation. Many of our representatives are men regularly operating on the road.

We have been endorsed by the leading religious, fraternal, civic and social organizations of the country for which we are most appreciative. We realize that some groups were misled as to our purpose and aim and held aloof from us. Some even attacked us, but, we do not hold this against them. Our cause is too important and far-reaching. We still invite them to join in and help fight for that thing and that thing only which will bring to us economic emancipation.

There is room in this movement for every Negro. The Pullman Company in defeating this movement will not only defeat the porters but the entire race, for this movement is the first real effort of a National Organization of Negro Laborers.

# The New Idea

By BRUCE BARTON

Illustrated by  
RAEBURN VAN BUREN

**I**N the little New England college which I attended there was a kindly professor who had been a preacher in his youth. Because he held some views that were not in keeping with the strict letter of the creeds, he became the center of a violent controversy. You would think, to read the reports of his trial for "heresy," that he was some sort of social assassin—a menace to the race.

And here he was at sixty, with gray whiskers and soft eyes, the trusted

friend and adviser to another generation.

He was welcomed in the very churches that had cast him out, and when he died, the papers that had criticized him most severely were filled with kindly comment.

I used to look at him and think "You are history. Your own life is a brief synopsis of what has been going on always in the world. Every new idea has had to be crucified before it could be worshiped. Men's greatest enemies are their own closed minds."

thirty-four years ago enunciated as matters of course, disputed by no reasonable man."

Huxley was a rather handsome man, and it would be a good thing if his picture were hung in modern business offices in place of some of the efficiency mottoes that now adorn the walls. It would be a reminder that the one greatest foe to efficiency is the mind that knows it all, and that no office can afford to turn away from its doors the Youth with the new idea.

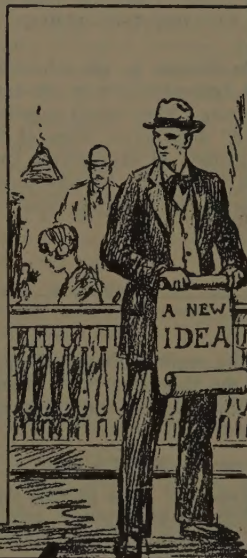


The man who invented the railroad time-table did not long ago in England. For years he carried his invention about from the office of one railroad company to another, only to be met with continual rebuffs.

"Why should we make ourselves trouble by putting out a thing like that?" the railroad heads demanded. "People would expect our trains to be on time, and when they were late, we should be criticized for it. The thing is entirely impracticable."

He lived to see his invention triumph, just as Huxley, the great scientist, lived long enough to be received with honor at Oxford, where he had been so bitterly denounced.

He wrote to his friend Hooker: "It was queer to sit there and hear doctrines you and I were damned for



## THE NEW IDEA

**W**E seldom quote from the author of this homily. He is a first rate performer for Babbitttry. In this case there is something to be said for his thought. In a different way, of course, from that in which he applies it.

This sermon on the "New Idea" had the business world in mind. It deals with the rejection of a scientist, and of how the world has come to pay tribute to him. Most all prophets have been treated in this way. Most all rebels have had the same fate handed out to them. Hated

and hunted by the powers that were, they are canonized by following generations, particularly if their revolt be successful.

We can gain some spirit from this knowledge. The battle of the workers, upward, is not a rose-throwing contest. He who engages in it will meet force and treachery and oppression. But his is the eternal fire, of the Idea that is to become a Fact. The desire of the workers for freedom can never be subdued. It will, in time, become reality. We cannot lose—even in defeat!



# Who's Your Organizer?

*Brookwood Series on Organizing Methods*

By A. J. MUSTE

(With this number we are beginning on the Brookwood page a series of articles dealing with organizing methods and tactics. While the author is alone responsible for the material presented in this series, much of it was inspired or directly suggested by discussion at the Brookwood Summer Institute and grateful acknowledgment is made to the contributions made by labor men and women from the ranks of electrical workers, machinists, locomotive engineers, printing tradesmen, garment workers and others who took part in these discussions.—A. J. M.)

**I**N this article we shall discuss briefly two questions, What type of man does a union want for an organizer? What kind of training should an organizer receive?

We realize that the term organizer as used by different unions does not always mean the same thing. We are using it in this article in the sense of the union official or active worker whose job is not primarily an office job, or an administrative job of carrying on the routine work of an established organization, or a negotiator's job such as a business agent's is likely to be, but who is engaged mainly in the work of winning new members into the union or extending the control of the union into unorganized territory.

In our discussions at Brookwood this summer we asked a group of trade unionists to list the qualities which in their opinion should be prominent in an organizer. Doubtless the list is not complete, but it is certainly suggestive. First of all, they said, an organizer must have plenty of energy, he must be able and willing to work hard, "a glutton for work". But his energy must not be a spasmodic, intermittent affair—work hard for a week, then loaf for a week. He must not be a good starter merely, but a finisher. In other words, an organizer must be patient, able to stand up under defeat and disappointment, and he must be persistent, plugging ahead all the time. In the next place, it was urged that an organizer must be a "good mixer". His work is with human beings directly, and if he is the kind that would rather crawl into his own shell, he would better find another job. He must have the quality variously described as magnetism, personality, "sex appeal", which enables him to approach people and to hold them. Along with this we should ordinarily expect in an organizer the ability to speak effectively. A man who is a "spell-binder" and nothing else will certainly have only a limited usefulness, but for a man who has other qualities as well, oratorical ability, the ability to express himself clearly, forcefully, persuasively, is a great asset.

A Fighter

Turning to a different side of the organizer's make-up, he needs to be a fighter. Needless to say that this does not mean that he must be a Gene Tunney or Jack Demp-

sey. But he must be the fighting type, courageous, confident, not afraid to meet opposition, not yellow in the face of danger. On the other hand, he must have a quality that we name variously as good judgment, common sense, a "good head on him". It usually means, for one thing, that he must have some ability to plan his work, to grasp the various angles of a situation, to distinguish between what is important and what is unimportant, and for another thing, that he must have some ability in sizing up people so that he may approach workers effectively, pick out trustworthy assistants, deal with employers, police, newspaper men and others in a way that will get the best results. Finally, our summer institute members held that an organizer must have a fairly thick skin, must be able to take criticism, must at all times keep his nerve and his head.

## Round Pegs in Square Holes

The reader will recognize that these traits pretty well describe what is known as the "promoter type" of person as distinguished from the engineer, the artist, the office man, the administrator. Corporations that have to hire thousands of persons are making more and more use of intelligence and psychological tests to pick out the right man for the right job, and seem to think that these vocational tests are an improvement on the old methods for picking out men for jobs. We may admit that there is no way at present for using such tests in unions even if it were clearly desirable, and yet recognize that the movement needs to pay more attention than it has to picking out the right kind of men for various positions, to avoid putting round pegs into square holes.

What kind of training shall the organizer be given? Along what lines should he be equipped? At the outset, it should be laid down that it will not do to take boys and girls who have been through college or have taken a course in salesmanship and set them to "selling trade unionism" just as you might set them to selling life insurance. If a man is to organize skilled workers, he must, save in the rarest instances, be himself a skilled mechanic at the particular trade. He must know his own craft from first hand experience. If he is to organize unskilled workers, he must have had actual experience as an industrial worker and in most cases some inside experience in the particular industry to be organized. Beyond this an organizer should get the best possible training along the following lines:

1. The constitution, laws, agreements, working rules and history of his own union.
2. Acquaintance with union procedure including the proper conduct of committee meetings, etc., and also the methods by which agreements are negotiated with employers, grievances settled in union shops, etc.
3. The economics of his own industry, condition of

the trade, tendencies, such as introduction of new machinery, growth or decline of the market, etc., which affect organization work. So far as possible this should be backed up with a foundation of general economics, knowledge of how the business system as a whole works.

4. History, theory and aims of the labor movement. The more an organizer knows practically and theoretically about the movement as a whole, the more efficient he will be in his own field.

5. Public speaking.

6. An elementary acquaintance with bookkeeping, keeping minutes, filing records, etc., often necessary in starting new locals.

7. Some training in teaching others what he himself knows, since an important part of the work of many organizers is to get new locals under way, and this often involves showing wholly inexperienced local officers how to go about their work.

7. Psychology, the science of the human mind and how it works. An organizer needs to know himself and to know others.

9. Organization methods, use of publicity, of advertising, making contacts with religious, fraternal and other organizations that may be helpful, approaching individuals, house-to-house canvassing, use of social attractions, work around mill gates, getting up meetings, etc.

## Trained Man Wins

Some one may be exclaiming by this time that a man trained in all these lines would be a "heavy intellectual". That is certainly not what is wanted. It is true, moreover, that there have been some very effective organizers who have been mighty ignorant along some of the lines mentioned. For all that, it remains true that most good organizers have somehow picked up a rough and ready training along the above lines, and that in this day when conditions grow increasingly complex and the employer makes use of highly trained men, the unions will make light of the training of their organizers and other officials at their own risk. Other things being equal, the untrained man is a helpless toy in the trained man's hands.

How is a man to get this training we describe? We may suggest three important ways. First, he can get it by means of actual experience, much of his technique an organizer can get in no other way. The way to learn to organize is to organize. But this is not all. A trained swimming instructor can save a learner much time and can teach most people certain things that they would never learn if left to experiment by themselves. In the second place, then, an organizer can get his training by conference and consultation with his fellow organizers. A certain amount of this sort of thing, of course, goes on all the time in every union. Sometimes one finds an old hand who is very generous and effective in passing on his knowledge to younger men. Any one, however, who has a slight acquaintance with the

attention given by business houses and corporations to teaching younger men, to conferences of various departments where notes are compared and plans made, realizes that for the most part our unions are still far behind in this respect. How about some union, or group of unions, or labor college experimenting with a Conference or Institute on Organization Methods at which most of the talking would be done by organizers relating their actual experiences, with perhaps some sympathetic psychologists, economists, newspaper and publicity men sitting in to give the benefit of expert knowledge along specific lines and to help the practical workers to understand and interpret their experiences so that in future they may benefit by the mistakes and shortcomings of the past?

Finally, organizers may get some of their training in formal classes conducted either by non-resident labor colleges in the evening or by resident colleges such as the W. T. U. L. Training School in Chicago or Brookwood. The idea of training an organizer or business agent in a college is of course new, and so there are plenty of people to greet it with a loud guffaw. There are still a few people who laugh at training business executives in college, but only a few! Let that be an eye-opener to the unions. Also, of course, the labor colleges are not yet doing a perfect job. Is that a sufficient reason for putting them out of business?

## Picked Men and Women

Progressive and constructive unions are already picking out young men and women who have shown some ability, initiative and judgment in their shops or mines and in local unions and sending them to a labor college for a couple of years to get some general training along the lines indicated above, training which must, of course, be supplemented by practical experience exactly as a man's course in the medical school is supplemented by experience in hospital and clinic before he is turned loose on you and me, but training which has its place in the development of the organizer, business agent, secretary, active worker in the union, as all unions that care to live and grow will presently realize.

All this suggests a closing observation of real importance to workers' education. A school must have something to teach. But what schools have to teach along any line is simply the past experience of human beings in that particular line. The only thing a labor college can teach about organization work is the past experience of the labor movement with such work. That experience has not for the most part been written down anywhere. It is in the heads of labor officials, business agents, organizers, committee members, active workers of the rank and file. It would be a great service to the labor movement if those who have had experience and are able to write it down would do so, and if those who have not the knack of writing themselves would tell their experiences to others, so that we might have for use in labor colleges and classes, in organization conferences, in text-books and manuals for organizers, a systematic, complete body of knowledge about effective organization methods. Send in your own experiences to Brookwood or LABOR AGE.



# Do Sex Quarrels Help?

*On Women's Contribution to the Labor Movement*

By FANNIA M. COHN

"I'M SO tired I can hardly get up for work this morning."

"What's the matter, Helen?" asked Mary.

"Do you know when our meeting broke up last night? After midnight."

"What happened? Why such a long session?"

"Do you remember at our last meeting we appointed a committee to appear before the General Executive Board to protest against their last ruling? The committee reported back to us last night. You should have been there and heard the uproar the report caused."

"Well, well," said Mary. "Another revolution against the general officers."

"Oh, yes," Helen answered. "They were called autocrats, heartless, senseless and unemotional creatures."

"That they don't consider the interests of the workers, I suppose," interrupted Mary, "and that their rulings are selfish, and so on."

"It may be humorous to you, Mary," Helen said with a little annoyance. "But, believe me, there wasn't much humor at yesterday's meeting. The girls were in arms. They would not listen to any of our members of the local executive board who tried to explain the situation. They accused us of siding with the General Executive Board. You should have seen the poor chairman, who tried to keep order; she was in the midst of a volcano. I tell you, Mary, I feel like giving up the whole thing. I'm tired of the quarrels, disagreements and, worst of all, the suspicions."

Said Mary: "I can imagine how the scene looked when our good sisters got excited, huh!"

"It's not a joke any longer, Mary," Helen said, indignantly. "I'm not the only one who feels the burden of the situation. The other girls on the Board want to resign also. The only one who is holding out bravely is our chairman. She takes it differently from the rest of us. To her it is not a personal matter, but one resulting from organization problems."

"Tell me, Helen," said Mary, "how did the men on your Executive Board take the whole thing? Did they decide to resign from the Board at once? Are they frightened by the storm into leaving the helm?"

"Oh, you know, they are different, Mary," Helen said. "They took everything calmly. In the first place, they asserted themselves. They got up on the platform and raised their voices above the tumult of the audience. They made an attempt at least to explain the situation to our members. Even though no one seemed to pay any attention to them, the men did not lose their tempers. The whole scene hardly affected them. They held a caucus in a corner and announced that any one who disturbed the meeting would be called to account by the General Executive Board. I certainly envy the ease with which men take things."

"Hold on, Helen," said Mary. "Don't fool yourself that men take things easily, or that they are calm. I have worked with men. I understand them a little better than you do, and I know that they don't take things quite as easily as all that. Certainly they are not cold-blooded. The difference between men and women in responsible positions in the labor movement or in other organizations, however, is that men have gained a great deal of experience and poise in their many years of activity and know how to appear calm."

"What do you mean, Mary?" Helen asked with interest.

"What I mean is," Mary explained, "that as a result of men functioning in the labor movement and in other organizations, they are more disciplined and submit to rules and regulations with better grace. They discuss matters more calmly and with more deliberation. I saw that when your committee of girls appeared before the General Executive Board, of which, you know, I am a member."

"Just before your committee came, another committee made up of men appeared before us. The chairman invited them to state their case. A young man introduced the spokesman, who presented their protest against a decision of ours which they considered unjust. The chairman explained that the General Executive Board was within its constitutional rights in giving the decision and that it also considered it a duty to do so for the advantage of the organization. The spokesman, assisted by the others of the committee, asked the Board to reconsider its decision."

"The chairman answered that as the Board is not arbitrary, but is guided by its written constitution, no change could be made in the decision. 'If,' he said, 'your Local is not satisfied with the ruling, you can appeal to the highest body, the Convention, which alone has power to change the constitution, and until then you must abide by our decision.'"

"Very well," said the committee spokesman. "If we cannot get any recourse here, we will take your advice, Brother President. We will bring the matter to the Convention and even defeat the Board on that issue."

"After this committee left, your committee of girls appeared. The chairman was even more polite and gentle with them. He asked for the spokesman, but several of your girls began to speak at once. One of the girls finally did get the attention of the chairman and she presented the case. No sooner had she finished than all the others began to make corrections and additions to her story. The chairman politely proceeded to give them the same answer he had given previously to the committee of men. The girls continually interrupted him with sarcastic remarks. One said, 'What do you mean

by insisting that your ruling is based on the Constitution? Must we obey the Constitution even when it does us harm?" The chairman, in spite of his desire to be polite, became impatient and told the committee very brusquely that they had only one recourse, the Convention. "Until then," he said, "if your Local wants to remain within our national organization, it will have to abide by the ruling of the General Executive Board, which is vested with the authority to lead the organization between Conventions."

"Before he had finished speaking, your friend Beatrice spoke up: 'I suppose if the Board made a ruling that we were to throw ourselves out of a window, we would have to obey it.'

"The committee left the room contemptuously, banging the door behind it, and making loud insinuations against the integrity of the members of the General Executive Board. Afterwards, when I tried to explain the workings of the Board to the girls, they were indignant that I, a woman, should defend some irresponsible men. When I tried to make the girls see that the men they accused of insincerity, merely because of their attitude, might really be honest in their convictions despite their calm manner, your committee was even more angry with me."

"They all said at once, 'Do you mean to say that if they were sincere, they would sit by and calmly smoke their cigarettes in answer to our earnest plea?' What answer could I make to them? I know your girls are sincere, well meaning, idealistic; but I also know that your attitude arises from your lack of experience in working with men."

"You have really made me think," Helen said. "What do you suggest as a solution for our problems, Mary?"

"Our problems," said Mary, "are human problems. They exist in every organization where women have entered and have had to work side by side with men. The difficulties arising between men and women in their work is due, most frequently, to lack of understanding of each other's point of view and approach, and only occasionally to actual differences in their aims. In my long experience in the labor movement and outside of it, I have observed that the difficulties can be, and are overcome, as soon as women become less personal, lose part of their sensitiveness and introspection. Just as soon as women can reasonably dissociate their personal feelings from the job they must do, just as soon as they can deliberate coolly and decide a case on its merits and not on the prejudices aroused by their excessive emotions, so soon will they find that they have very much in common with men."

"Coming back to the appearances of your committee the other night, if our Brother President would have understood the psychology of women better, he would have presented the workings of the General Executive Board in a different manner to the girls' committee than he did to the men."

"He would have used different arguments in support of the decision of his Board. He would have realized that the abstract interpretations of the Constitution do not yet make a strong appeal to woman."

"This can be easily explained because women do not

possess the tradition which comes from long association with activities connected with social or economic institutions. This lack, however, with which women find themselves today, is sometimes productive of not only negative results, but has much in it of creative possibilities, because lack of tradition makes women more flexible to grasp new problems or situations as they come up."

"Women will find that they have the same instinctive urge for power and authority if only that power is used honestly and sincerely for the cause of labor and humanity. They will understand men better and men will understand them better, and both will be better able to work together for their common aims."

"Do you really mean," asked Helen, "that you look forward to a time when women will be as impersonal, deliberate and unemotional as men, thinking only of reaching out for the power that goes with authority and using it in a cold-blooded manner to satisfy a personal ego?"

"Now, look here, Helen," said Mary. "With all the admiration I have for your sincerity I warn you not to exaggerate things in favor of women or men. Let us be honest about this problem which confronts us in the labor movement and in all other organizations where men and women must function together. Hiding a problem does not solve it. The position of woman will not be advanced in the labor movement or in society in general by creating an artificial atmosphere and describing either men or women in exaggerated ways."

"Every woman who wants to marry, hopes to get not only a husband but a friend also. Both men and women are willing to place their spiritual and mental possessions in each other's hands and trust them to each other's keeping. When children come, both father and mother want each other's influence on the children; they value that influence very highly. The happiness of husband and wife depend very largely on the happiness of each other. For the life of me I cannot see why they cannot appreciate each other's contribution to an organization. Why suspicion and distrust? Isn't it sheer prejudice? The woman as a newcomer to our social life must overcome the myth of the difference between men and women, and work together in organization as they do in the home."

"But," asked Helen, "what will become of woman's inherent qualities and woman's point of view, so much talked of in these days? Should we lose them all in working together with men?"

"Not at all," said Mary. "There is not a reason why this should not be their contribution. The woman's qualities you speak of are persistence, endurance, devotion and all of the other traits women have developed as the mothers of the race. Women can very well bring these qualities to the labor movement and even impress them on the men with whom they work. They can add, too, their enthusiasm, freshness and vigor, which as a new group they possess, and the labor movement can be enriched by them. I have no doubt, indeed, that women can exert a great influence on men in the movement and on the movement itself, from the infusion of their qualities into the work."



## KILLING YELLOW DOGGERY

The I. R. T. "Brotherhood" and President Green

**WE** APPLAUD every challenge which serves to make ineffective that most vicious of slave contracts—the "yellow dog." It has nullified the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, over which a bloody four-year war was fought. It has re-established involuntary servitude—not only for blacks, but also for white workers.

That fount of corruption, the I. R. T. subway system in New York, maintains its company union—the so-called "Brotherhood"—through such a contract. Threatening the organizers of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees with court action, the I. R. T. points proudly to its contract as the basis for such a step.

President Green of the A. F. of L. has not been slow in answering this threat. He tells the officers of the I. R. T. that their contract is clearly against public policy and our supposed democracy. He is confident, he says, that such a contract will be overthrown.

That sounds like business. We hope to hear more of such talk from Labor. In the beginning, the "yellow dog" had some of us buffaloed a bit. When looked into thoroughly, it is seen to be partly bluff and bluster. That it handicaps labor in organizing work cannot be doubted. That it is used as a cover under which to intimidate and browbeat the unorganized—who do not understand law—is a well-established fact.

The court decisions, however, are vague concerning its exact status. The Hitchman case—under which the Supreme Court first approved the "yellow dog", against all rhyme or reason—has been much weakened by the subsequent decision in the Tri-Cities Foundry case. Whatever conclusions further somersaults of the court may evolve upon the subject, the situation at the present time seems to be much as follows:

1. Under a strained definition of "legal deceit", a union may not invite men who have been forced to sign a "yellow dog" to join the union and remain at work. That is poor law, but the Supreme Court, in its almighty wisdom, has found a tortuous way to discover this ridiculous principle.

2. A union may, nevertheless, invite men to join the union AFTER they have left the employ of the company—by walk-out or as individuals.

3. A union may carry on propaganda to its heart's desire, aiming to get the "yellow dog" contract nullified by action of the men in walkout or other severance of their employment.

It is evident, to any man who has done organizing work, that this seriously injures the union's effectiveness. The entire principle on which unions operate—and it is a good one—is that men, or a great number of them, should join before they take any concerted action to make their organization permanent. Although the court wanders around in its language on these contracts—and although the Hitchman case does not apply in many instances, at that—the entirely indefinite character of the situation is a grave wrong to the Labor Movement. We are pleased to see that the A. F. of L. apparently intends to take the contract up to the Supreme Court in the I. R. T. case, and have the issue settled in a clear-cut fashion. We advise the Supreme Court not to hand us another Dred Scott decision.

If the Sacred Cow does dare to make another such decision, then we urge that every conceivable means be used to render the "yellow dog" ridiculous by indirect propaganda. We urge, in addition, that Federal legislation be pushed through which will make these contracts completely null and void.

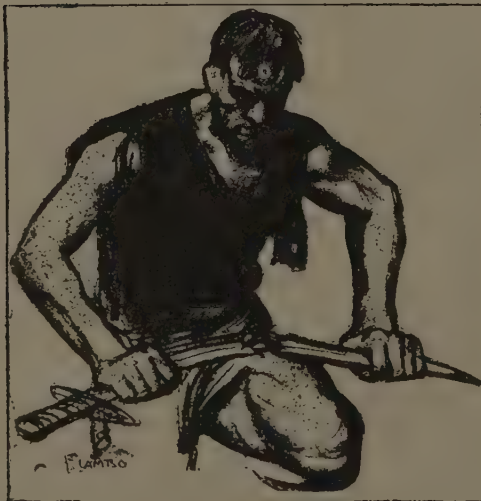
John J. Leary, Jr., of the NEW YORK WORLD has prophesied the speedy end of Yellow Doggery. He is of the opinion that employers will be ashamed to use it. We wish that we could think that. Anti-union employers, by and large, will stop at nothing which will add to their profits—or which they think will add to their profits. They are a very stupid crew, to boot, and any professional capitalist agitator that comes along or any labor spying agency is sure to receive a ready hearing. These carrion, thriving on such devices as the "yellow dog", have no trouble in pulling the legs of the too-trusting employers. It is action by Labor alone that will destroy this and other manacles which have been forged of late for the American working class.

## Our Whirligig World

### THE IDEAL AND THE REAL



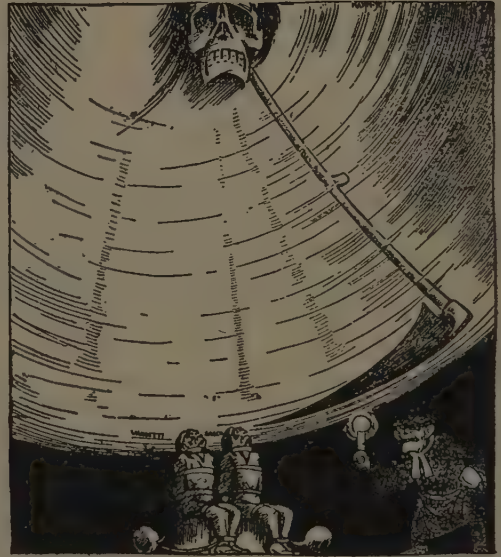
*The New Leader (London)*



Break the Sword!



*New York Telegram*



*De Notenkraker, Amsterdam*

Moral bankruptcy seems the mark of the present regime in world's affairs. The Sacco-Vanzetti murder has turned the heart of Europe still further against us. The statesmen have failed utterly at Geneva because they secretly do not want peace. The answer is to break the sword, as the British New Leader urges us to do.



# Real Silk--Real Sick

## *Another Chapter on Yellow Doggery*

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

**B**AD TASTE has always marked the policy of the Real Silk Hosiery Mills. We regret to have to state that; but it happens to be supported by the record.

Take that classic case of the gift of the \$700 pair of pure gold hose to the Queen of Roumania. When frolicsome Marie came to Indianapolis, that gift was not on the program at all. Goodman insisted, however, as a large contributor to the reception; he finally had his way.

It was to take but a moment. The queen was to have gone to the Indianapolis public library, where she was to have been presented with a complete set of all the Indiana authors. A neat little speech by a woman newspaper writer was to have featured the presentation.

Alas and alack! Just as the program opened, all the lights in the library went out. A stream of powerful light shone upon the queen and her party. Flashlights boomed from various angles. Amid this din, the gold hose were brought forth. At the same time, a raucous voice cried out: "Hurrah for the greatest hosiery mills in the world."

The queen was upset. The ceremony could not be continued. Real Silk had blatantly spoiled the show.

### Real Silk Style

That is the style of all its maneuvers. The other day it widely advertised that it would give its night force time off to hear the Dempsey-Tunney fight reports. It did not state, however, that they had to work overtime to make up for the time lost. It did not state that for two weeks before Labor Day all the working force had to work an hour overtime each day, to make up for that holiday.

It has cheered loudly about its "self-government." Not a line has it put in the press about the "yellow dog" contract and the labor spy agency introducing it. It has forced certain men to sign statements against the union, which it has had printed in the famed E. M. B. A. BUILDER. Not a word has been said about how these men were compelled to sign such statements; of that, I happen to have documentary proof.

The correspondence printed herewith, as a supplement to this article, tells the same story. When a concern discharges a man for refusing to sign the "yellow dog," threatens all the men that if they do not sign it they will lose their jobs, and then states that the men signed it voluntarily—a pretty good line is obtained on its double-dealing frame of mind. When a company discharges and removes representative after representative of the men under its company union—the so-called departmental directors—for presuming to do their duty under the schemes, and then asserts that the organization is not a "company union," we get a further vision of an intellectually dishonest management. Necessarily,

such a company could not accept the challenge which I made to it, to have the entire ethical phase of the situation reviewed by a committee of impartial men.

### The Case of Charles P. Drake

Let us now cite the case of Charles P. Drake, as further evidence of what is taking place inside the Real Silk Mills. Drake is an alert and likeable fellow, who has been eager for organization in the full fashioned mill. After the signing of the second "yellow dog," one of the workers—Carl Adams—came to me and suggested that cards be distributed protesting to the E. M. B. A. against the contract. The idea was Adams' own, and I fell in with it, in part. It would test out further the sincerity of the company union and the company. It would indicate whether men even had the right to protest against the yellow doggery under which they were forced to work. Drake agreed to the idea, too, and aided Adams in passing the cards of protest.

The cards were making great headway, it seems, when one man either turned a card in or was caught with one. Adams, grilled as per usual Real Silk methods, confessed his part in it; and was forced later to make a statement, or affidavit, which he has told Drake was false. In other words, according to his statement to Drake, the company forced him to lie. Adams, further, told some of the names of men who had signed. He revealed the part that Drake had played in distributing the cards.

Drake was called before the famous E. M. B. A. Board. Remember again: it is composed wholly of seamless workers, who know nothing of the problems of the full fashioned workers and are thinking largely of their own jobs. Drake insisted that all the men "involved"—eleven of them—go in before the board together. This was done, and although Drake had already been told he was discharged, he was then re-instated. The company could not stand to let out eleven men at one time: where would the thing end?

### McDonald's Third Degree

About a week later, the labor spy, McDonald, came into town. With J. A. Goodman, he proceeded to give Drake a sample of the "Third Degree." McDonald is a crude fellow who goes around with one law book under his arm, as evidence that he knows the law. In that way, he pulls the wool over the eyes of the confiding Babbitt employers—who pay him well to tell them nothing. He adds to the mystery of this pleasant task by calling himself an "industrial engineer."

McDonald pulled out his law book, as usual, and asked Drake if he (Drake) did not know that he was breaking the law in having anything to do with me. The "law" happened to be the noted Hitchman case! Drake said he knew nothing of the kind, that he knew that such contracts were contrary to law in Indiana by express

## THE BIG FIGHT

In Which There is No \$3,000,000 Gate

**M**R. TUNNEY and Mr. Dempsey recently put on a high-class slapping contest in Chicago. Perhaps you have heard of it. If you have not, you will make a model juror.

It was a Big Fight. The gate receipts came to about \$3,000,000. Mr. Tunney was rewarded with close to a million of this. Mr. Dempsey got nearly half a million. That's all right. We have nothing against circuses for the populace.

Our only thought is: What about the biggest fight of them all? There is no \$3,000,000 gate there. There are no admission tickets, that excel in price tickets to the opera. There is merely the business of doing a little battling on our own account, rather than by proxy. We refer, naturally, to that jabbing contest with the anti-union employers.

Brain is of much more value in this contest than pure and simple brawn. Perhaps that is why so many shrink from getting into it. It is too much like a chess game; we never see a hundred and

fifty thousand people shouting their lungs out over a masters' tournament. It is much easier for some to let the employers walk all over them, than to think through the means of liberation.

And yet, this industrial struggle is a real fight. It has all the elements of a pugilistic encounter, plus! It has much more drama in it than ever went into any nationalistic blood-letting. Naturally, these elements are played down by those who have the press and other means of education in their control. They prefer the diverting battles of the prize ring and those remunerative expeditions accompanied by martial music and the display of uniforms.

We invite you to get into the real fight, and to get others into it. It will have something at its conclusion for You and your fellows: Not a \$1,000,000 purse, secured from the hides of productive workers. No, not that; but freedom, manhood, security—and the extension of these gifts to the mass of mankind.

Is it worth it, brothers? We should say so!

statute, and that he would like to consult a lawyer of his own choosing. Then, McDonald and Goodman attempted to compel him to sign a statement against the union and me—no doubt similar to the Adams' statement. This Drake refused to do.

"You don't care much for your job here, do you?" snarled Goodman. But McDonald said they had better let him alone: "The boy knows too much."

A few days later, Drake was called into the presence of Friday Zinkin. "You have not shown the right spirit," said Zinkin, in his sing-song way. "You have protested against the contract, and we have lost confidence in you. You are discharged."

Again, "yellow doggery" showed its colors. A man refused to sign a statement which he knows is false. Out he goes. Those who remain are in danger of losing all honor and self-respect. Unless they revolt, they will lose all status as free men, which Americans are supposed to be.

### Let the Light In

Revolt will come. It is in the mill already, firmly planted by the management itself. That same management is increasing it. Men constantly come to me and to Organizer Callaghan, asking for admission to the union; but under the "yellow dog," we refuse to admit them for the present. We first want the light of day to stream in on this putrid condition. Real Silk is, as a

matter of fact, real sick. Its refusal to meet the challenge contained in the following correspondence, shows that it cannot look honest men in the face. It cannot tell its story to an impartial group. It will fail in its program of slavery, even as political corruption is suffering current shipwreck in Indiana.

The boys in the mill are heartened by the news that "Charlie" Drake is going to Brookwood this year. He will learn there how further to combat and defeat "yellow doggery" and like forms of slavery. The Real Silk Hosiery Company has, unwittingly, done him a real favor. It has, in a like manner, favored Miss Nellie Andrews of the seamless loopers, who went out in the spasmodic strike of last year. Miss Andrews is also going to Brookwood, to return some day to plague the "yellow dog" world.

In one of his famous addresses to his men, Mr. J. A. Goodman stated that he was laying plans to "become king of the knitting industry." That is why we hail him as King Jacob I. He said he would do this, even though he had to sell hose at 25 cents a pair. The boys might have to have low wages, in the fight to enthrone him; but they would always have the "fine mill" to look at and steady work. That is, of course, rather a large order. Mr. Goodman's 236 knitting machines—at the most—look small in the big full-fashioned manufacturing world. Such wild statements are true Real-Silkesque, nevertheless. They reveal the sham character of the company—the same sort of sham that brought them at one time before the Federal Trade Commission.



# King Jacob and I Discuss the Yellow Dog

*Concerning a Comic Opera Company Union*

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

WHILE attacking his men through intimidation and threats, the good King Jacob was carrying on a heated correspondence with Yours Truly. It is correspondence that speaks for itself, and is a fitting supplement to the immediately preceding article.

King Jacob did not answer himself. Oh, no! He got his trusty henchmen on the E. M. B. A. board to answer, by signing on the dotted line. That is the great diversion at Real Silk Mills these days. More letters are written up by the management and forced upon the men than Solomon in all his glory ever dreamed of.

We call the E. M. B. A. Board members "trusty henchmen". Although none of them are full-fashioned workers (as set forth in the preceding article) and although they are surrounded with the atmosphere set forth there, they are by no means pleased with their job. At least two of them have let me know through indirect channels that they are disgusted with the E. M. B. A. and the mill management. But what can the poor fellows do? It is do as the management says or lose your jobs!

Now drink in the inspiring correspondence:

## I. MY LETTER TO KING JACOB

Indianapolis, Ind.,

August 24, 1927.

Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc.,  
600 North Noble Street,  
Indianapolis, Ind.

Attention J. A. Goodman, Chairman.

Gentlemen:—

Your letter of August 19th, advising me of the vicious "yellow dog" contract at your mill, was handed to me yesterday. Please note that I am residing at the Hotel Lincoln.

I wish you to know of this address in order that I may keep in touch with the peonage system and terrorism which you have brought back into American economic life. It is with much satisfaction that I see that the fraud of your much-touted E. M. B. A. (the hypocrisy of which I detected from the beginning) has now been brought out into the light of day. It shall be my distinct pleasure from hence forward to call the attention of honest men to this cheap piece of fakery.

By your acts you have proved all that a distinguished religious periodical has just said about employer-created organizations for workers. I quote:

"If there is anything more damnable in American economic life than the so-called company union, we have not yet come upon its foul trail. In its profession of tender care for the worker's welfare it is a liar and a hypocrite to boot. . . . The worker under it is in the position of a man robbed of his property who must leave his defense to the attorney for the thieves." (AMERICA, Aug. 6, 1927)

No matter to what lengths money madness may lead

you in your fight against your workers, I wish to assure you that Americans will not long stand for slavery of this sort.

Yours truly,

LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ,

Managing Editor

LABOR AGE (New York).

Union typed

## II. KING JACOB'S REPLY—THROUGH HIS TRUSTY HENCHMEN

Real Silk Hosiery Mills,

Indianapolis, Ind., September 3, 1927

Mr. Louis Francis Budenz,  
Managing Editor, Labor Age,  
3 West 16th St., New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—

We read a copy of the letter you addressed to Mr. J. A. Goodman. It was not a very nice letter—was it? In fact you were quite nasty about it and very insulting—but since your attack is mainly against the E. M. B. A., your insults are directed against the workers who make up the E. M. B. A.

We should like to ask you, therefore, in the first place—even if your intentions were kind and helpful—who appointed you as our spokesman? We have never asked any outsider for any assistance because we as members of the E. M. B. A. are free to speak our own minds.

In the second place, we can see nothing but harm resulting from the attitude you have shown toward our E. M. B. A. It is really surprising that one who professes to be a friend of labor should so completely forget the main cause for which he is fighting and think only of his own petty interests. You make sweeping statements about Company Unions and pronounce them vicious; yet you have never taken the trouble to investigate thoroughly the workings of our E. M. B. A., for if you had done so you would have realized that the E. M. B. A. as it works in Real Silk is not the so-called Company Union. In the first place, nobody is forced to join the E. M. B. A. It is purely voluntary. The Executive Board, which is composed of equal numbers of members, representing alike the employees and the management, are a body of workers, with full power to act on all matters pertaining to the interest of the workers. There is nothing that the management can introduce without obtaining the full and free consent of the Executive Board of the E. M. B. A. This is a fact—yes, a surprising fact to you, but not to us.

Now, with reference to that "yellow-dog". Again we wish to call your attention to the wrong conception that you have of the contract into which our workers have voluntarily entered with the management.

We make it possible for our boys, and the boys of the community, to learn a highly skilled trade and at the same time offering them extraordinarily high earnings (much higher than in any union shop) during the training period,

which you know has never been done in any other hosiery mill in the country. Our boys showed fine progress during the first three or four months. They were attentive in their work and gave fair promise to becoming skilled workers, within a reasonable period of time. Then you came and began to upset things. It probably hurt you to see learners fast developing a capacity for high earnings, so you attempted to undermine their capacity to their detriment and to the detriment of the organization.

Real Silk has been patient and we of the E. M. B. A. who have the interest of our members at heart have been very patient, but you took advantage of our patience and you extended your vicious propaganda until you compelled us to put a stop to it.

It is this action of yours, irresponsible and selfish, that prompted us of the E. M. B. A. to protect the interests of our members by showing them that as soon as they sign a contract they will free themselves from the vicious influence that you have exerted upon them. That once they have signed the agreement, men such as you will not dare molest them, so that they can pursue their training and work in peace and undisturbed.

This letter is prompted by a feeling of resentment against the false, cheap and insulting remarks you circulated about our E. M. B. A.

Yours truly,

EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE E. M. B. A.

(Signed)

Albert Desmond  
Frances Kruynett  
W. F. Newman  
A. A. Zimmer

Chas. E. Leeke  
J. Taylor  
G. Fowler  
H. R. Sphai.

### III. MY REPLY TO KING JACOB'S REPLY

September 13, 1927.

Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc.,  
600 North Noble Street,  
Indianapolis, Ind.

Attention J. A. Goodman, Chairman.

Gentlemen:—

The letter signed by your E. M. B. A. Board—which I received on my return from the East—fills me more with a feeling of pity than that of censure. The fact that it was written on Real Silk stationery and in Real Silk phraseology shows that it was merely signed by them on the dotted line.

It is not my letter but the situation at the Real Silk Mills that is nasty and revolting. The cold, bare fact is that Slavery, imposed by labor spying agencies, exists in your mills at this hour.

You seem to be singularly lacking in a sense of humor. When we analyze your letter it is found to be a tissue of comic opera falsehoods. The facts, known to every man in your full fashioned department even though fear paralyzes some of their tongues, are as follows:

1. Your statement that the "yellow dog" contract was signed voluntarily by your men is ridiculous. Ed. Oliver, 1514 Dawson Street, was discharged precipitously for refusing to sign the contract. Common sense teaches any man that workers will not contract themselves into involuntary servitude of their own free choice.

2. Your assertion that the E. M. B. A. is not a company union is so absurd that it is almost incredible that it should be made. If you will read the book on Company

Unions by Robert W. Dunn, with an introduction by myself, you will find that the E. M. B. A. has all the characteristics of the most disreputable company organization. Indeed, it is much more deficient than some in that it does not allow the men to meet and discuss their problems among themselves. Every man in your full fashioned department knows that the E. M. B. A. was not only company created but is also company controlled.

3. I came into this situation at the request of the men in your full fashioned mill, sent into the headquarters of the American Federation of Full Fashioned Hosiery Workers at Philadelphia. It is from these men that I have learned of the fakery of the E. M. B. A. The best organizers that I had in the union campaign were Messrs. Goodman and Zinkin. It is they, who by their driving tactics and broken promises, have bred discontent and lack of confidence in the management among the men.

4. I answered this call, because injustice was being done to these men in the name of "self-government". The "selfish motive" charge that you make against me is not at all surprising. It is always the last refuge of men who believe that "money can do anything", as you have told your men. As a matter of fact, history shows that there are souls of the type of Jefferson, Lincoln and Garrison who stand out against slave and money powers in the fight for justice. With all due modesty, I am a writer of no mean abilities and it is much more comfortable for me to be at my home, surrounded by my family, at the pleasant task of writing than out in this drab town battling with the petty tactics of the Real Silk Mills.

5. As for your solicitude for your contract-laborers, let me say this: Let the union compete side by side with the E. M. B. A. and see which will produce the real benefits and real protection for the full fashioned workers. It is precisely this which you propose not to do, and even go to the length of imposing "yellow dog" contracts on them in order to "stop my propaganda", as you say yourself, and thus attempt to destroy unionism in your mills.

Our respective moral positions can easily be determined by a submission of all the facts, by both sides, to a committee composed of Rev. Dr. James Myers (New York) of the Federal Council of Churches, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of New York, and Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan (Washington) of the National Catholic Welfare Council. These are men of irreproachable character. If they should decide that my position is unethical, I will withdraw from all organization activities in connection with the Real Silk Mills, Inc. If they should decide that your position is unethical, then you shall agree to revoke the "yellow dog" contract and announce in the E. M. B. A. BUILDER that organization activities may proceed freely, so far as the management is concerned.

If you refuse this challenge, it will indicate the complete bankruptcy of your position. I would like an early reply, in order that I may take further steps toward freeing your men in case you find your position too weak to be submitted to this committee.

Yours very truly,

LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ,  
Managing Editor, LABOR AGE.

P. S. I am publishing this full correspondence—including your own letter—in LABOR AGE, and other publications. I challenge you to do the same for my letters in the E. M. B. A. BUILDER.



# In A Southern Mill Village

*Sketches of Workers' Drab Lives*

By DOROTHY P. GARY

**M**RS. CRENSHAW'S, where I had been staying, was the best boarding house for mill hands on the hill. "The hill"—the term which these ex-mountaineers apply to every mill village—is in this case a flat stretch of yellow dirt, spotted with two hundred frame dwellings. The August sun rebounds from the sand in little balls of fire all over your body while hot drumsticks beat a jazz rhythm up your spine.

At one end of the cluster of shacks stands the mill, as if on guard, ungainly in its three shades of red brick, and rumbling day and night like some restless, driven beast. Each of its sections marks a stage in the owner's, Mr. Roe's, career. As his profits swelled, he added a section, moved into a bigger house in town, built a few more houses, brought in more "poor whites" from the Carolina hills and farms.

Next to the mill stands the company store—not only the buying mart but also the social center of the village. Here everything from tobacco and snuff to colored gingham and hogs' meat is exhibited in true cubist fashion. On the farther edge of the village, four blocks away, stand the Methodist and Baptist churches, and nearby, the grammar school—a recent addition.

This is Roe Hill, one of the twelve mill villages forming a crescent around the city of Greenville, South Carolina. Greenville is one of a half hundred cities in the Carolinas' boasting such a cluster.

Mr. Roe is king of the village, and of all he surveys. The land, the mill, the churches, the store, the houses and the people all belong to him. The school which was his now belongs to the state, but it stands on company ground, is run by his taxes and its five teachers are near-relatives or "friends of the family" of Roe. Even the flies and fleas, the annual typhoid epidemic, the stinks, the bedbugs and the ants which swarm through the houses and bite the babies until they look like they have the measles, all belong to him.

Mr. Roe is a paternalist and a devout Christian. He began his mill, as d'd all other southern mill owners right after the black slaves were freed to furnish employment for these "poor whites" who were starving on the farms or in the hills. Mill hands told me that in those early days they earned ten cents a day for seventy-seven hours' work.

Mr. Roe furnishes his mill people with houses at the low rate of twenty-five cents per room, per week, free electricity, and one water pump in each block. True, the houses are built of thin boards, four rooms each, with no plastering, paper, sewerage or means of heating, but what can you expect for your money? It is much better than these folks were ever accustomed to, back in the hills.

At the company store, the mill hands can buy on credit, even up to the limit of next weeks' wages. As the average

wage for men is twelve dollars and for women ten dollars, most families use this privilege. Which tends to cut down on the high labor turnover, because how can you move on as long as you're in debt?

## The Sheriff Calls

The second week I was on the hill the local sheriff frightened the household by paying me a visit.

"Mr. Wheeler, the super, sent me down here to be sure you ain't doin' no harm. We're keerful o' strangers. You ain't here for any of them northern mill owners, be you, spying for information? You know Roe Company owns this town and nobody kin set a foot inside without their permission. I'm the town sheriff, and Roe pays my salary." I give his own words—"to see no one stays home sick who should be at work, or commits murder or adultery, and that no labor agitators get in."

After learning I wasn't a dam Yankee but came from Virginia he was easily reassured.

"Why last year thar was a woman here talking this monkey business evolution, she called it. Believe me we chased her out in no time."

Mr. Roe serves with the other mill presidents on the school board to represent his people and see that they are given a 100 per cent Anglo-Saxon American education. He pays three-fourths of the two preachers' salaries, and on his staff he has placed a welfare worker whose duty it is to run a social club for girls to keep them pure, to tend the sick and help the sheriff keep the people from staying out when they should be at the mill at work. "These people are a shiftless lot, but they come from the best stock—pure blood Anglo-Saxon."

Roe, like the other mill villages, are not incorporated. Mr. Roe and the other owners feeling that these people, who are "mere children", should be relieved of the responsibilities of corporate life.

At quarter to six in the morning the mill whistle blows. Men and boys in shabby blue overalls, girls in faded pink gingham, mothers in black-and-white checks and carrying sunbonnets, troop out of the houses and hurry down the dirt paths to the mill. At five in the afternoon the figures drag home. Only the teen age girls and boys have the pep left for greetings. Babies of all sizes trot up the streets, to greet their Mas' and Pas', stretching up their arms as they run, and tired parents take them on their shoulders or lug them on their backs.

For a few hours the beast ceases to growl. With the growing hard times and the mills slowing down, Roe mill has left off night work. In all the neighboring villages as the day shift leaves, the night shift comes on. Mill hands hate night work, even though it pays better and is a saving. Twice as many folks can use the beds, but then

somebody has to cook twice as many meals and it makes days and nights a jumble of working, sleeping and eating. Families get together only on Sundays.

The monotony is broken only by the vegetable wagons of poor farmers in the surrounding country who drive through the streets hawking their wares; the weekly visit of the insurance man who knocks from door to door, collecting the ten cents a week insurance and carrying the latest gossip, and the loan sharks, who come either to "furnish your home complete" on the five-dollar down and one dollar per week plan, or to take back the furniture from somebody who hasn't the dollar this week. It is not uncommon for a family to be left by a loan shark without a piece of furniture in the house. Then the neighbors bring across something from their meager stock, until the family can get five-dollars ahead again. I remember one house that at ten o'clock one morning had been stripped bare. A sick occupant, robbed of his bed had to lie on the floor. At noon, the workers hearing of this, dug down into their jeans and raised five dollars. By one o'clock another loan shark had re-furnished the house complete.

#### Movin' On

Every Friday and Monday, there're the moving vans. Then the discontented or roving ones pack their few belongings and hie them to the next village, while others come in to take their places, stay for a few weeks or months and then move on. Social workers estimate that three hundred families or about eighteen hundred persons in this Park Mill District are constantly on the move. In the mountains these people lived generation after generation in the same Hollow, but here—. And when you ask "Why?" nobody seems to know. One woman came pretty close to it, I think. "We been here goin' on seven year now. It's time we was movin' on. Uh? Why? No, nuthin' wrong, only it's bes' not to stay so long in one place. The company gets to think they own you. N' then a body gits tired of the same faces."

For those who choose to take them there are two other breaks in the monotony: Window-shopping in Greenville Saturday afternoons, and church meetings. But Greenville is a carfare or a hot walk of two miles away. Window-shopping is exciting, but it makes you envious, and the way those city people look at a mill-worker makes your face burn. They're that stuck up, when everybody knows there's not better blood or character to be found in South Carolina than on the hills. The older folks generally stay at home but the young ones must go to the bewildering city even if they have to walk so as to have the dime for that forbidden sin, the movie. Movies, swimming pools and evolution are all immoral, according to the hill people, but the young 'uns are fast taking to the first three sins, even though they aren't sure but that they are playing into the hands of the devil himself.

I had been at Mrs. Crenshaw's three weeks now, and we had become fast friends. She and the other had long ago forgiven me that I was born out of the state—at least I wasn't Yankee but a Virginian. And even if I had been a city-dweller most of my life hadn't I come to live on the hill and be one of them?

It was a hot August evening and Mrs. Crenshaw was sweating over her ironing while I sat by re-shortening a

dress. All of the children and the boarders had gone to a funeral director's party, so only the two of us were at home. We were in the midst of one of our confidential chats.

"Yes'm," she was saying (a southerner says Yes'm or Yes sir to everyone he considers his equal or his better, which among mill hands means everybody but "niggers"). "Yes'm, it's not so easy as it might be. Seems like us mill hands jes' work harder and get poorer every year. But then, as our parson says, the Lord chast'eth those He loveth." The iron spat vigorously as drops of sweat hit its side and slid to the board.

Mrs. Crenshaw was also a devout Christian, as I had learned, and an old woman at forty-nine. She halted a minute to rub her dripping face and twitching mouth with arms that trembled with the palsy. Her muscles had worked without halt for forty-two years until now they had forgotten how to stop.

"Say, Mrs. Crenshaw, let's call it a day. It's nine-thirty, and you've been working since four-thirty this morning." I knew for I slept (in a feather bed!) in the same room with her and her two daughters who worked in Roe mill. Each day of the three weeks I had spent here had been like the last.

#### Mrs. Crenshaw's Life

Since early childhood Mrs. Crenshaw had worked in the mill. After her marriage to a millhand she had worked on, as usual. The seven children she had raised out of the thirteen she brought forth all worked in the mill, except one boy, who had run away to sea and less strenuous life. Then her husband died with cotton mill tuberculosis and she changed over to running a boarding house for mill hands. For ten years she had cooked, swept and done the washing in this double-size company dwelling, for her children and seven other borders. All told there were fourteen of us sleeping in the four bedrooms.

Her sole diversions were her potted plants, Sunday preaching and Wednesday evening prayer meetings. Where she could just sit for a while and join in the sad sweet hymns, and hear about the blessed beyond where all was Rest. And she would weep, for joy or sorrow—she never knew which.

"For myself, I am willin'," Mrs. Crenshaw spread out a pair of worn overalls on the board. "But for th' chillen I'd a-hoped it cud be different. I have never went to school but I did want 'em to. Well—" and her voice rang with pride, "all of 'em kin read'n write!" (In S. Carolina cotton mills this is no idle boast) "But with wages so low, no matter how I saved and worked nights, I had to take 'em out of school sooner thin I'd a-planned on. Each one, I managed to keep in a little longer, 'til with my youngest gal, she fin'shed grammar school. She was so ambitious-like, Doris was."

Mrs. Crenshaw sighed and leaned on her iron. "No, honey, it ain't so easy for us poor folks."

The look in her face held me. Afterwards I placed it as the look which Le Page has caught on the face of his peasants. Looking for or at something which isn't there.

"Now, ma," Doris appeared in the doorway to reprove, "you should be doin' that there ironin'."



"But it's high time it was done. You wuz to do it las' night."

"Yes'm. But after tin hours on my feet in th' spinnin' room this weather, looks like I jes' put it off."

Doris was a strongly-built, raw-boned girl with nondescript hair and pale blue eyes set in a yellowing face—a typical Anglo-Saxon "poor white trash." Now she looked almost pretty in her pink organdy—her one dress-up dress which she had worked overtime to buy and sat up nights to finish. (It would have been a sin to sew on Sunday.) She was only nineteen, but looked thirty. But her enthusiasms for perfume and colored handkerchiefs purchased from the 5 and 10 cent store of a Saturday afternoon, for movies and "good times," the way she tossed off her new-learned slang, all marked Doris one of the new generation.

"Well, it's all right, honey, I only got one more."

As Doris disappeared again to the porch to bid her lover goodnight, Mrs. Crenshaw shook her head.

"Doris seems so dissatisfied like. She keeps me worried. Some days she's happy-like, then some days she's like dumb with sadness. She wants to make somepun of hersef, not jes' be a millhand. Here's Bob'n her in love, and him want'n' to marry her, and she says no, work'n' in the mill is bad enuf without havin' a string of younguns like th' rest of th' wimmen do. Once she went to the city to git work. She wanted to work hersef up, to keepin' books or runnin' a typewriter or somethin' like that. But once they know you're a millhand, there ain' a chance. She worked a while in the 10-cent store, but that wuz as bad as here, she sed. So she came back.

"And Sara." Here poor Mrs. Crenshaw forgot herself to the point of sitting down. "She keeps me bothered, too, you know, she's never been strong in her mind. Doctor says sh'd not-a had th' right vittals when she wuz growin' up, 'n it affected her nerves-like. Today she took another fit in th' mill 'n had to be brung home!

"I tell you, honey, but for my faith in God 'n His goodness I could'en go on. I keep lookin' forward to Heaven. As the Holy Book says—"

We were interrupted by the return of the boarders from the undertaker's party. Decked out in the best they shambled in and gathered around the oilcloth table where we sat working. The men looked uncomfortable but excited in their stiff collars and white bow ties. The faces of the girls and women were flushed and shining. Each one had discarded her gingham for the occasion and wore her—or if she didn't have one, some else's—Sunday best.

#### Tom

First came Tom, with his "ole 'oman." They were in the fifties. Tom used to be a fiddler in the Carolina mountains, and earned his living at one of those year-round summer resorts making music for those Yankee tourists to dance by. It paid better than moonshining and was safer. People said Tom loved his fiddle better even than his "ole 'oman." Then Tom got a "conviction of s'n" as only the mountaineers can get it. He had always known dancing to be a work of the devil, and had turned his eyes from the whirling figures while his fiddle sang out "Turkey in th' Straw." And Maggie told him these were only forriners anyway, not hill poeple. But the conviction

of sin was not to be denied. He was aiding in the devil's work. So sorrowfully he gave up his job, left the mountains and he and Maggie came to the mills to work. That was twenty years ago.

We couldn't get Tom to play his fiddle. When we asked, he just shook his head. He never said anything, except at the table, "Than-ye fer th' beans." There was a fiddlers' contest on and over a hundred fiddlers in the South Carolina hills and mill villages were going to take part. No violinists allowed, only fiddlers. Everybody begged Tom to take part, but he just shut his eyes and shook his head. Maggie told us he said to her, "Go there 'n show 'em my ignorance?"

Late at night I've heard Tom in his room, which was just above ours, fiddling an old English ballad or some hymn. Once he started "Turkey 'n Straw" but stopped abruptly, and then played, "Yield Not to Temptation, for Yielding is Sin."

Maggie, Tom's "ole 'oman," was somehow different. She too was ashy gray, but not so dead-quiet. She was a traveled woman for these parts, coming from out the state—Kentucky. Her first "ole man" had been a miner. One day there was another accident at the mine, and Maggie, waiting with the other women, found that her man had got his. Maggie liked to tell of mining life in the Kentucky mountains, but she told me she thought mill villages nicer, because here a woman could work out as well as a man.

Often in the evenings Maggie would read the "Green-ville News" to Tom. She read with difficulty, spelling out word by word, but then Tom couldn't read at all.

#### Playing by Ear

Next came Annie and Frank, followed by Doris and Sara, and the millhands, Joe, Bill and Harry. "Little Gladys," who brought up the rear, looked wild-eyed and even whiter than usual behind her anemic freckles. She was tightly clutching a paw of each parent. Little Gladys' parents both worked in the mill, while she, before and after school hours, set and waited on table, and helped her grandma, Mrs. Crenshaw, with the dishes and sweeping. Every day the same drama was repeated, of eight-year-old Gladys sneaking away to play and her grandma hot on her trail, yelling "Glad-ys!" until finally the child was rounded up for work again, until she could sneak away! Little Gladys had one overpowering ambition to learn to play the piano. But her Ma and Pa always told her there was no money and no time, and besides there was nobody on the hill who could teach her right. They all played by ear. When Little Gladys found out I played by note she thought God Himself had sent me to her, and I think her Grandma and parents thought so, too. Anyway, we had one or two lessons a day. Now it was into the parlor and not into the yard that Mrs. Crenshaw called "Gladys." But more softly, and less frequently.

"What you're going to do, Little Gladys, when you grow up?" I asked her.

"You mean when I'm fourteen? I wan-a be a music-teacher, but Ma says I can't 'n that th' mill's the best place fer me. Pa he says he wan's to keep me in school long as he kin. He could'en go enuf hissef. But I guess I'll be a millhand. Where'd you say C sharp was?"

## THE ROAD TO VICTORY

### Hints on How to Achieve It

**I**N LOS ANGELES, City of the Open Shop, the A. F. of L. convention meets this month. It can study at first hand, as it did at Detroit, the forces which are allied against American labor. There still stands out before us the great unorganized field, headed by the basic industries. The task of attacking it is one that should thrill every courageous and enlightened labor man.

The AMALGAMATED LITHOGRAPHERS JOURNAL looks at this task, and concludes it is not a hopeless one. In its current issue, it gives us ample food for thought. Under the heading, "The Spirit That Wins," it presents these conclusions for our consideration:

The language of the American Federation of Labor Los Angeles convention call is admirable. It declares "the organized labor movement as represented by the American Federation of Labor remains unconquered and unconquerable". Considering the many onslaughts that the organized labor movement encounters, this language breathes the spirit that never says die; the spirit that always wins. It is this spirit which, if properly applied, will cause the American Federation of Labor to persist in the face of great odds; and, in the end, triumphantly re-adjust itself to new conditions.

These conditions are many. They are evident in the great problem of organizing the basic industries and of affecting the transition from craft unionism to industrial unionism, in order to more successfully combat company unionism and international mergers.

It is these issues that call for an unconquerable spirit, if labor is to be more thoroughly organized and more successfully strive for the fulfillment of its many aspirations. Not only an unconquerable spirit but a new organizing technique as well, such as will, practically, result in a new rejuvenated organized labor movement as the times require and demand.

The high spots of that editorial expression are worth recounting. It tells us, to put it briefly:

1. A militant spirit will conquer anti-unionism.
2. The basic industries must be organized—by industrial unionism.
3. A new and fuller organizing technique is the need of the hour—to win.

Every thoughtful champion of the worker's cause will agree with these high spots. We must be determined to carry on to victory—and we will. We must go after the chief citadels of the anti-union enemy, and must capture them. These are the basic industries. They are almost entirely out of our hands. They can only be taken by industrial unionism, although the mere form of organization in itself is no cure-all. Organizing methods that will succeed must be studied carefully and applied vigorously to each situation.

## MR. NASH SPEAKS UP

### Says His Say About Labor Unions

**I**T is not so long ago that Mr. Arthur Nash of Cincinnati was advertising his anti-union "Golden Rule" company union to the world. Then he was a favorite spokesman of Rotary Clubs and other happy-happy organizations of stupidity.

But Mr. Nash had a change of heart. Trouble was brewing within his factory. Church organizations tested his plan and found it wanting. Very courageously, he decided that unionization was the thing for his men. They became members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, with his consent.

Now Mr. Nash comes to testify as to what he is discovered, as a result of his experiences with the union. In the NASH JOURNAL of July, 1927, he says much in praise of labor organizations. With some of it, we cannot fully agree, for we think he lauds certain labor developments by no means as yet thoroughly tested from the workers' viewpoint. It is significant that an employer of labor, of the type of Mr. Nash, can speak up as follows:

There has been a persistent effort to give the public mind the impression that organized labor is composed of a lot of irresponsible "hoodlums." This is so ridiculously untrue that it is time that some of the facts should be presented to the public.

After reciting a number of accomplishments, which he finds reason to commend, he adds:

Not only have the things that we mention been done in other companies, whose names we do not feel free to publish, but in The A. Nash Company of Cincinnati, which has had such a phenomenal growth that they were having difficulty in keeping their product up to the standard which they wanted to produce for their customers, the Amalgamated brought experts from various markets and have rendered a service which can never be figured in dollars and cents, in raising to a high quality and standardizing the production of this Company.

We believe these things are worthy of note. It has long been the custom for anti-union employers to "kid" labor men individually, in the hope of breaking down their militancy. We are pleased to see a union employer who praises labor collectively for its constructive powers. It is something new under the sun.



# Following the Fight

*With Comment Thereon*

By THE MANAGING EDITOR

## OUR AIM:

To Educate the Unorganized—To Stimulate the Organized—  
To Unity, Militancy and Intelligent Action.

## OUR OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

### The Unorganized Become Restive Everywhere

**O**PPORTUNITY comes largely to him who takes it. We know of no good reason why we are any exception to this rule. The organization of the workers will not be achieved by a waiting policy, but by a doing policy.

That being granted, it will require only a bit more cogitation to discover further that Opportunity is rushing, pell mell, into our arms. Look to the South. Henderson flares up with textile revolt. The hitherto unorganized mill hands ask admission into the United Textile Workers, as they walk out against the open shop abuses. Under the surface, other southern workers become restive—asking if they might not try successfully some similar conclusion.

We have alluded in a big way in this issue to the gas station employees' overnight organization in the city of Chicago. That metropolis could not stand a gasless Sunday. On its eve, Cook County oil stations—powerfully controlled, as they are—were forced to surrender. There we have another score for the claim that organization success is just around the the corner, in many instances and industries.

Well, there is a sound enough reason for this. Secretary of Labor Davis has just stated (in the U. S. LABOR REVIEW) that several millions of laborers are underpaid to a serious extent. Wages for adult workers average such a low point as \$10.34 a week. Over 200,000 railroad laborers averaged only \$17 per week in 1926. All in all, says the Secretary of Labor, from ten million to twenty million workers, including women and children, are grossly defrauded of any semblance of prosperity.

Of course, we might go on and on—into the conditions of oil refinery workers, lumber workers, machine shop laborers or even many so-called "machinists", etc., etc. It would be an endless process. We might disclose the \$5 to \$10 weekly wage of women in the Delaware canneries, toiling 70 hours per week. We might analyze the mental and spiritual slavery back of these disgusting revelations of "prosperity". We will, however, ask our-

selves and you: What is the remedy? Can we apply it?

We say, boldly. We CAN. We say further, that the remedy lies in the organization of the rapidly expanding army of the partially skilled. We can no longer afford to ignore the invasion of industry by the Fordizing process. We cannot allow all industries to remain unorganized—following the path that destroyed to a great extent the fine organization of glass bottle blowers, for example.

We recommend, in order to capture the great army of the semi-skilled, the following steps:

1. A careful study in each industry of the key positions which must be stormed and the weak spots in the anti-union fortresses.
2. Secret organization work, carried on much more subtly than such work has been carried on in large part heretofore.
3. An appeal, fiery and sound, based on the men's desire for power and for security.
4. After this careful and secret approach, the encouragement of mass revolt as the means to permanent organization.
5. Along with all these steps, at all times, a thorough education of the unorganized as they are approached, and later on when they are out on strike, as to the principles which make for the long life of trade unionism in their industry.

The fine address of Secretary Frank Morrison of the A. F. of L., at Chattanooga on Labor Day, covers at least two of these points. We look forward to more of such appeals as Secretary Morrison made—appeals which carry the fight to those Servitors of Mammon, the anti-union employers. While such militant appeals are being broadcasted, we can proceed under cover of them to the secret work of educating the unorganized, awakening in them that dream of power which stirs the most craven of men, showing them the way to emancipation. Only a man with intelligent preparation and a religious zeal can accomplish this undertaking. Our organizer-agitators must be as wise as serpents, as innocent as doves—and as fiery as game cocks!

## BETHLEHEM BLAH

OUR super-benevolent corporation, the Bethlehem Steel Company, continues to parade its modesty before the public. Fittingly, it chooses the NEW YORK TIMES of September 11th for its latest expose of its goodness.

"Bethlehem Steel Plan Aids Company and Men," runs the heading over the article. The benign countenance of "Old Eagle Eye" Grace, president of the company, adorns the center of the page on which it appears. We hear again the old rigmorale about the "dignity of labor", the concern of the corporation for the welfare of its men, the freedom allowed the men to discuss their grievances—and other blah which only sob-sisters in the social service or personnel service world will swallow.

Lady Bountiful Grace need only answer two questions, and answer them with proof, to make his tale watertight. It is precisely these two questions which he can never answer. We have challenged the corporation months ago to meet them fairly and squarely, and they have ducked. These questions are:

1. Is not your company union maintained through an elaborate labor spy system?
2. Will you allow organizers of A. F. of L. unions, fully and freely, to approach your men, and will you refuse to penalize your men for open and vigorous activity for real unionism?

## FOR THE AGED

## New York Federation vs. Civic Federation

THAT eminent body, the National Civic Federation, is attempting to do one more good turn for the employers of labor. It is seeking to put their private pension schemes on a safe and sound basis. With the striking example of the Morris meat packers' fund before it, the Federation is inclined to believe that a further failure of any such big plans would bring not only robbery of the workers but great unrest.

The Morris scheme drew in the contributions of many workers who confidently expected that they had insured an annuity for themselves. Then, out of a clear sky the lightning struck. The plan went bankrupt. The workers lost.

All employers' plans, the Industrial Welfare department of the Civic Federation argues, should be on a sound actuarial basis, like any other insurance scheme. Then, these enterprises will give the workers what they want. Then, they will help to speed blessed contentment.

The New York Federation of Labor looked into the question much more deeply. That body knows that employers' industrial pensions are one more sop thrown to the workers in the hope to stave off organization. From that angle, they are robbery per se. Freeman want nothing of them. They want something much more secure and much more decent.

The New York Federation decided for a campaign for old age pensions by legislation. That is the only safe plan. That is the only decent plan. That is the method that will protect the aged, and at the same stroke: blast the anti-union ends to which employers' "philanthropy" is devoted. We say: Let the New York

Federation's idea be given the fullest support. Let it be driven through with all our vigor, in order that it may be enacted permanently into law. Let it be imitated by other state bodies, in order that the campaign for the aged—already well under way—may be crowned with complete victory.

## WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH READING?

READING, Pennsylvania's Federated Trades Council has risen to ask a question. It is: "What is the Matter with Reading?" The answer is contained in a leaflet issued by that central body.

There's much the matter, it seems. The average wage in that city is \$22.55 per week. Can a family live decently on that wage? The leaflet says it cannot, and quotes the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics to that effect. The figure necessary for a minimum health and decency budget is \$41.35 per week, that bureau declared.

Mercilessly, the leaflet goes on to say:

"The employer may say that wages in Reading should be lower than in other cities because living costs are lower. It may cost a little less to live in Reading than in Philadelphia or New York, but wages are much lower here than in those two cities. It costs about \$200 a year less to live in Reading than in Philadelphia, but the average worker earns \$500 a year more in Philadelphia than in Reading. The average worker in most cities of the United States is probably at least \$300 a year better off than the Reading worker, when wages and living costs are taken into consideration."

Wage quotations from other cities of the same size, in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, are given to support this statement. Charts are used to illustrate the figures. The social salvation that lies in higher wages is stressed from scientific sources.

This little leaflet represents hard work. In a few words, it tells a mighty story. Other central bodies should get hold of it, and use similar factual studies for their localities. The cold, hard facts will buttress our claims that higher and higher wages MUST be paid. They will rouse the unorganized and give logic to their vague discontent.

Good words should again be said for President J. Henry Stump and the Federated Trades Council, for the methods they are adopting. And likewise for John Edelman of the Research Department of the American Federation of Full Fashioned Hosiery Workers, who has done the detailed work on this necessary job.

MR. BARR SCENTS DANGER  
Open Shopper Sends Out S. O. S.

WILLIAM H. BARR is amuck again. The well-known President of the National Founders' Association makes a mighty swipe at Labor, in letters sent broadcast to his fellow-founders. He has become alarmed at a new danger which he sees approaching on the industrial horizon.

This danger is, to put it briefly, a new union organization drive. Mr. Barr smells it and feels it, and knows it is upon him. In an "under-cover" way the American Federation of Labor organizations are undermining his carefully built edifice of anti-unionism. That is what he says.



Harken to him:

"Let those who are content with the present status of the open shop in the United States and who are inclined to believe that it has reached a position where it can be defended against all unionist attacks, pay a little attention to the recent activities of the American Federation of Labor. The Federation is conducting a drive against the open shop in the United States as intensive and forceful in character as it has ever before attempted. This movement cannot be met by sitting still and admiring past accomplishments. Neither can it be done by permitting others to do it. Every man interested in the maintenance of the open shop must literally and figuratively take off his coat and go to work for its protection and promotion. There must be physical, mental and monetary energy placed behind the movement. There must be a continuous watch on unionist activities, and care must be taken that political alliances are not formed by the unions, to destroy the open-shop movement."

(Printed in the "New York Times", Sept. 12)

That Mr. Barr's gang of highwaymen will use "physical energy" in any such fight as he describes we all know very well. Force is their stock in trade. We hope that all the rest that he says is true. We hope that secret, subtle organization campaigns are on foot in all directions. Mr. Barr's force compels them to be secret. Mr. Barr's slimy labor spies compel them to be subtle. We are praying that Mr. Barr—whatever else he may be—is a good prognosticator. Our refrain is, in that case: "On with the Fight!"

#### NOW IT'S—"ARMCO SPIRIT"

WE have with us—FORBES MAGAZINE for September 15. It is, you will recall, "for busy business men." By way of peppering them up, it contains a feature article on the American Rolling Mills Company.

The author has made a great discovery—"the ARMCO Spirit". He finds it prevailing Middletown, Ohio—where ARMCO was born and thrives. "It permeates the schools, the social and even the civic life of Middletown."

He interviews Mr. George Verity, the sweet singer for the "ARMCO Spirit"—Mr. Verity being president of the company and author of this great discovery. Says that gentleman:

"While we have never had any serious misunderstandings with our men from the very beginning, if we had had a larger plant in a bigger city, we might have found it impossible to sow the seeds of understanding, confidence, and cooperation that have blossomed so fully. As it was, we just went in for a friendly human understanding of things. We adopted an 'ARMCO Constitution' and described ARMCO policies in terms that could be understood. They provided for a thorough discussion of all our problems and differences as we went along together."

Modesty is also one of Verity's characteristics, for the author adds:

"Mr. Verity and his associates do not think they have solved the whole social and industrial problem."

Is it not a wonder, now, that these new Messiahs have not made such a claim? Letters that we have received from Middletown, asking us to come there to investi-

gate the ARMCO stuff, tell enough to give away the facts about these evangelists of the capitalist millennium. We hope in time to be able to get around to Middletown, to show it up as we have shown up the clap-trap of company unionism and hymn-singing employerdom in other cities.

For the present we shall quote for the record the "idealistic portrait" of this invisible spirit, which hangs in the main lobby of the Rolling Mills general offices:

"ARMCO Spirit is a comprehensive, vital force which finds expression in the practical application of the policies BUILT ON A PLATFORM OF CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES IN WHICH SELFISH PURPOSE HAS NO PLACE."

Gaze upon that, O friends of Man! Have your souls transformed in endless ecstasy, at the sight of these offspring of Mammon devoting themselves to "Christian principles"—and to that unselfish purpose, which is great profits for Geo. M. Verity and fellow pirates.

With ironical appropriateness, there appears beneath this spasm of hypocrisy, the following poem by Edgar A. Guest:

#### PROMOTION

Promotion comes to him who sticks  
Unto his work and never kicks,  
Who watches neither clock or sun  
To tell him when his task is done;  
Who toils not by a stated chart,  
Defining to a dot his part,  
But gladly does a little more  
Than he's remunerated for.

"Nuff said, fellow-sufferers. In that poem lies the 'ARMCO Spirit'."

#### STUDEBAKER'S SONG OF SONGS

IN THE fitting Babbitt atmosphere of the Indianapolis Rotary Club, Mr. Charles A. Lippincott sang the praises of the Studebaker Auto Corporation's labor relations. Mr. Lippincott can afford to sing in that strain: he is paid for doing so. He is another of the loyal legion of personnel men who plague the "self-governing" workers of A. D. 1927.

Mr. Lippincott has made a great new discovery. It is that welfare work irritates the workers. In its place, as per other personnel parasites, he recommends, "human relations work based upon education of the workers and executives to a better understanding." Welfare work and social worker have failed; now bring in the other witch doctor, the personnel brethren, of which Lippincott is one!

We have already shown in these pages in times past how "human relations" are cultivated in the Studebaker plant. We have run an article by an able young man who worked there, exposing the policy of intimidation which "educates" the workers. Mr. Lippincott, of course, doesn't know anything about that. He is like a witness for the defense in a criminal proceeding who remembers nothing but what he has been coached to say.

As at the Bethlehem, Real Silk and other slave pens, Studebaker thinks that it pays to cover their coercive policy with the veneer of "human relations." They will find eventually that it no more "pays" than did welfare work.

# In Other Lands

## DOES A SECOND WORLD WAR IMPEND?

WHILE the "Second A. E. F." is re-enacting in memory the great bloodbath of 1914-1919, the subterranean schemings of the powers are going forward as never before. Experience of old tells us that that signifies international conflict, at some near time or other.

We have had sufficient warnings, God knows. Professor Parker Moon has disclosed these workings of imperialism, which inevitably lead to slaughter. G. Lowes Dickinson has revealed, by patient study of original documents, what lies at the end of the diseased intrigues of diplomats and the feverish preparation of militarists.

Little is being done about it by the working peoples of the world. They sleep, while the war-makers are awake and active. What do the workers see today? Here is the picture in a nutshell:

1. The Fascist alliances—"the league of Dictatorships", as the British writer, F. Seymour Cocks, terms them. Italy, Hungary, Spain, Albania, Greece, and Bulgaria—with Britain linked in with them through Italy.

2. The British Empire aligned against Soviet Russia, with all the little border states egged on against Russia by Britain.

3. France and Jugo-Slavia, angered at Italy and uncertain of Britain, looking Eastward for allies. France has already allied herself with Turkey, which has in turn come to some sort of an understanding with Russia.

4. Germany, on the alert, ready to jump on the most promising band-wagon.

War clouds continue to hover ominously over the Mediterranean and on the Russian frontier. There is no telling what may happen in either zone. Recently, when Mussolini was threatening Jugo-Slavia, Sir Austen Chamberlain suggested that the Italian hold his horses, as the time was not "opportune" for trouble in the Balkans. That reminds us that an opportune time may arrive—and then there will be War.

The urgent situation calls for world-wide workers' action for Peace and against Imperialism. We cannot wait until the storm breaks; that will be too late. Far from the ideal of international unity of any sort, today we should bend much of our energies in the direction of hastening a better and more effective understanding between the labor movements of the various countries. That is the only road that leads away from a second world conflict.

## TROUBLE OF THE I. F. T. U.

With the much-desired 8-hour day smashed to pieces in European countries and with Capitalism decidedly on the offensive, the recent conference of the I. F. T. U. in Paris was called upon to meet a mighty challenge. That it failed to do so is generally admitted. The German unions, strong numerically again, have become a powerful factor in the International Federation. The British, hitherto a leading influence, found themselves pushed somewhat into the background.

One unfortunate thing was, that the Russian union question should have been the cause of much of the difficulty. A. A. Purcell, as president of the I. F. T. U., raised it in its initial address. He pleaded for further attempts at unity, to face the unity of the employing interests. He prophesied that war was near at hand, and labor not at all ready to oppose it. He urged that some new attempt at unity with the Russian unions would pave the way for adequately meeting these problems.

It was soon made clear that the delegates of the other countries did not agree with him. His recommendations were opposed by the executive committee, and were rejected by the conference. Then came the dispute between the two secretaries of the international—John W. Brown and Oudegeest. Both of them withdrew in disgust. This further weakened the British position. To cap it all, the conference refused to allow the British to nominate Purcell for president again, but chose George Hicks, then chairman of Trades Union Congress, as the candidate. Affronted, the 18 British delegates withdrew from the conference, although the door was left open for their return.

Probably the action of the Trades Union Congress, which almost immediately followed the I. F. T. U. conference, has paved the way for the British accord with the unions of the other countries. In that case, it will be largely on the basis of the German unions' program. Aside from these unfortunate occurrences, the conference seemed unable to map out an effective campaign that would answer the assaults being made on labor throughout Europe and the world. It is to be hoped that that will be done at subsequent conferences.

## EDINBURGH—AND AFTER

Hangovers from the General Strike were apparent at the Trades Union Congress held at Edinburgh in September. Amalgamation into industrial unions was approved in principle, but no very definite policy worked out as to how it should be effected. The congress was necessarily confronted with a difficult problem. Shifts in process of manufacture and other industrial changes make it impossible to set down hard and fast rules. But even its own paper, the DAILY HERALD, thought that it might have gone into the question more thoroughly and faced it out. That paper states that were the present maximum demands for amalgamation to be put into effect, the workers would still be far behind the employers in unified organization.

The Communist "Minority Movement" was much more stringently ostracized than heretofore, and the Anglo-Russian committee was dissolved. This was largely in line with procedure at the I. F. T. U. conference in Paris. Many voices, however, including that of J. W. Brown, for-



mer secretary of the I. F. T. U., were heard favoring more aggressive international unity. The necessity of the British Movement cooperating closely with the union movements in the British colonies and in other "backward" lands was emphasized. The Baldwin government's actions in passing the Trade Union Bill and in breaking with Russia were severely condemned. The Tories were challenged to go to the country on the former issue.

After Edinburgh, will come the annual meeting of the Labor Party. It will likewise have a number of problems to face—including the question of how to force the Tories into a general election. Both political and industrial branches of Labor are in for the fight of their lives. Reaction is now thoroughly aroused, and hopes to gain while it can. It is being helped by Havelock Wilson's Seamen's Union, which is giving open aid and comfort to so-called "yellow" organizations.

#### GERMAN GAINS

After a 1925 of industrial disputes, the German unions settled down in 1926 to comparative quiet. Their chief occupation had to do with relief work among the unemployed. With the gradual return of employment, however, the German unions are again on the upgrade, in membership and in the intention to make industrial demands.

During the latter part of 1926 and the first part of 1927, the membership in the unions has steadily risen. It is now well over the 4,000,000 mark, and another million is expected to be added in another year. Much of the fall in membership was due to unemployment.

It is freely predicted that industrial disputes will grow in number, with this renewed strength of the workers' organizations.

#### TERROR IN THE BALKANS

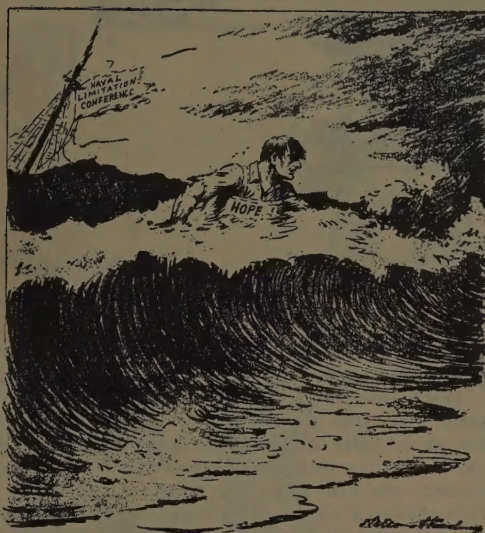
The capitalist world basked in a sunshine of smiles when Premier Brătianu of Roumania secured 327 of the 400 seats in that country's parliament. That was on July 7 last. It now is revealed that there could have been no other outcome. Armed forces were used to drive away opposition candidates and electors. The Socialists and other dissenting political groups could only meet the electors in secret. In spite of these election handicaps, the Roumanian Socialists polled 50,000 votes, or 9,000 over the election of the year before. Persecution of labor leaders continues in full force, and many are still living in exile.

In other Balkan countries similar conditions exist. Yugoslavia ignores its parliament whenever it is convenient to do so. It is evidently moving toward some further form of dictatorship. Freedom of trade unions is unknown. In Greece, the tobacco workers' strike in May was treated as a seditious movement. Fifty leaders have been imprisoned and 150 banished. The military were sent in to crush the strike, which they succeeded in doing. It is doubtful that they have crushed out the resentment of the workers or destroyed their militancy. After the "war for democracy", there is very little semblance of democracy in the countries where that war began.

#### TRADE UNION AMALGAMATION

It is not only in Britain that the question of amalgamation of trade unions is being seriously considered. The Germans have made a number of steps in that direction. Internationally, the subject is one of wide discussion at the present time.

#### SOLE SURVIVOR



Only hope is left—we put our hope in the workers throughout the world, who demand—No More War!

In Germany, there were but 38 organizations in 1926, covering a membership of 3,933,931. In 1892, on the other hand, there were 56 organizations with a membership of only 237,094. Therefore, the amalgamation effort has made headway there.

"In spite of this", says Schlimme, a German labor writer, "the craft continues to be the basis of the organizational structure of even the industrial organizations. The external concentration of the trade unions received a substantial fillip from the decisions come to in Breslau. But within the near future the bounds of the possible will be reached, for the special nature of the different trades and sectional interests are so deeply rooted in trade union life, that even the present day industrial unions must make considerable allowance for them. In the past solicitude for the interests of the profession or trade proved a stronger and more reliable stimulus to solidarity and loyalty to the union than class consciousness. There are, therefore, limits beyond which the concentration of craft unions in industrial organizations cannot go."

He recommends a strengthening of the spirit of industrial cooperation, through uniform benefits and contributions, a uniform trade union card, etc.

The International Federation of Trade Unions points out that in Russia, originally on a strictly industrial union basis, certain concessions have had to be made to the craft union needs and spirit. It is evident, however, that as the machine process increases—and it is not at its height in any European country—that the need for industrial organization will grow. Even this does not contemplate the wiping out of certain craft lines within the industrial union; certainly not for some time, at any rate. The British movement has made the "one big union" the final goal of union endeavor, and that is the trend throughout Europe, by and large.





# "Say It With Books"



## YOUR MONEY'S WORTH

### The Gentle Art of Making Us Weep—and Buy

**B**UY! Buy! Buy! That is the appeal that greets us everywhere. It robs us, through the billposters, of the landscape. It is even being writ up on the heavens. We wish to pass a quiet hour in reading romance or detective story; it assails us as we push back to the rear of the magazine, where our tale is designedly continued. We wish to get the latest information on the world's affairs; it attacks us in the newspapers. We seek to get a concert on the radio; it sings out to us in the vibrating tones of a high pressure hawker. Buy! Buy! Buy! It is the greatest cathedral chant of the modern age.

The apostles of advertising give us no peace. They will not let that last nickel remain in our pocketbooks. What is worse, they forget all bounds of decency.

There is Listerine. We have all noted the terrors which it claims to remedy. It halts halitosis. It deodorizes, as common cleanliness never could. It deals a death blow to dandruff. What further moronic fear it will play upon in the future, to sell more and more, no man can foresee. But, as for its claims: "Four hundred and ninety-five cents worth of Listerine has the antiseptic action of a cent's worth of corrosive sublimate; or fifteen dollars worth of Listerine equals a cent's worth of carbolic acid." It is not a deodorant; it merely covers one smell with another.

So we could go on and on, through a maze of names and claims and extreme statements. The rules that guide the frantically original advertising writers tell the tale. As related by Mrs. Helen Woodward, one of the most successful advertising experts in America, they are as follows:

"Write down and not up to your audience.

"No, this paragraph won't do—it's too logical. They don't buy that way.

"Make them cry.

"Make them mad.

"Make them jealous.

"Make them envious.

"Don't try to be funny.

"Don't try to be clever."

In other words, do everything but make them think, or know the facts. So goes the song of talcum powder, soap, automobiles, houses, jewelry, etc., etc. As for baby-food stuff, "for God's sake put some sob stuff in it..... Tears. Make 'em weep."

It is really a remarkable story—how we are gypped by these facile tongue-and-pen artists. You should read the

entire account as given in **YOUR MONEY'S WORTH**, by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. (Published by the Macmillan Company.) It is one of the most fascinating books of the year. It is likewise one of the most helpful. Written in that light and airy style, which most of our economic studies might copy to advantage, it is bristling with facts which cannot be gainsaid.

We find that adulteration and misrepresentation are the common thing in the current business world. Such as are easily detected keep the Federal Trade Commission busy. "Naptha" soap is sold with little naptha in it. Seamless hosiery is fixed over with a seam, and sold as full fashioned hosiery—fitting the limb. Jewelry is sold as Platinum which has but a slight amount of that precious metal in it. Short weight and short measure are frequently the custom. In that great field of Quackery—Medicine—many of the old practices are at work in a new form. Nuxated Iron informs us in 1915 that Willard whipped Jack Johnson because he used that valuable ingredient. Dempsey in 1919 lays his knockout over Willard to the same magic cause. As a matter of fact, Nuxated Iron is largely bunk. "A dollar bottle contains only 2½ grains of iron. If an individual really needs iron—and the need is rare—he can get nearly 100 grains in a dollar's worth of Blaud's Pills—which is a non-secret official remedy." In addition, the indiscriminate use of iron is "illogical and unwise."

So much for the abuses—with which each page of the book is crowded. As to the remedy: The authors review the work being done by the governmental agencies—the Bureau of Standards and the Federal Trade Commission, to check misrepresentations and to test exaggerated claims by scientific analysis. Unfortunately, their work is handicapped in large part and does not reach out effectively to the public with the truth. Private agencies have also set to work; a number of corporations have made efforts, in their laboratories, to arrive at those impartial tests which will make their products increasingly better. There is still a long way to go—and it must be along the road of scientific appraisal and a wholesale distribution to the public of the results of such scientific study. While such relief is pending, a long list of suggestions are given by which we can combat the misstatements of house-to-house salesmen and of the master bunk artists of the advertising world.

Easy to read, **YOUR MONEY'S WORTH** is more than the reading. It is an eye-opener, and should pave the way to relief for the much-beset consumer.



## PRAISE FROM AN OLD BROOKWOODER

Selected from Our Mail Bag

**E**NCOURAGEMENT in the job we are doing comes from many quarters. In our restricted page allowance we cannot print all these letters, although we wish to acknowledge them here.

One of those deserving of special mention is that which comes from "Tony" Garden of the Miners, a graduate of Brookwood Labor College.

In part "Tony" Says:

"Awhile back you sent me a note to the effect that my subscription to the LABOR AGE has expired with the June issue. Somewhat belatedly I am forwarding enclosed a check for \$2.50 which will enable me to read your lively publication for another year. In the field of labor journalism yours is about the brightest publication. Congratulations! Keep up the fight, however difficult it may be in the sea of current indifference."

We are pleased to print that. We are glad to hear from this old student of Brookwood, and we hope that his good words will spur others on to spread the LABOR AGE message far and wide. It can be done by securing other subscribers for us in the labor ranks.

Books Reviewed in The Labor Age  
and All Other Books for Sale at

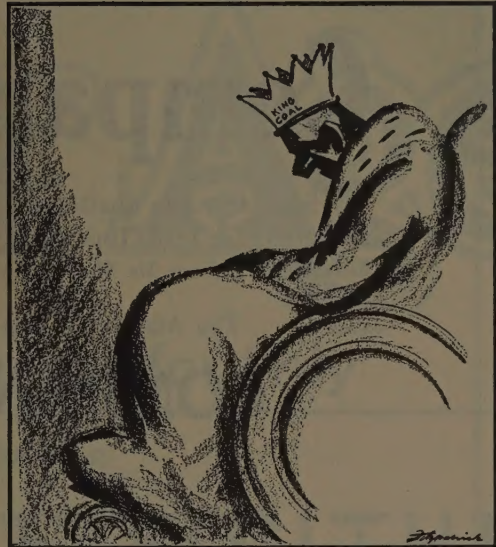
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## SICK, INDEED



According to Fitzpatrick's cartoon in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, King Coal is sick. And no wonder! Here are some of the ills which H. S. Raushenbush, who has made an exhaustive study of the industry, says it suffers from: Overexpansion—one billion tons of coal can be produced annually, while the market cannot absorb more than 500,000,000 tons. In recent years 30 to 40 per cent of the mines have been idle all week, on an average, and 9 to 21 per cent are running less than three days a week. Unemployment on a wide scale—there are 200,000 more men in the industry than can find steady employment. And there is the constant danger of accidents.

A cure is needed badly, but the quack industrialists have nothing to offer that will make the patient well. Is it not time seriously to consider nationalization of the mines, with adequate representation of Labor, technicians and consumers? That is the ultimate solution.

"Red Love", by Alexandra Kollontai, the book which was reviewed in the September issue of Labor Age, is published by the Seven Arts Publishing Co., New York. It sells for \$2.50.

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